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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1912.

The Week

By a nearly two-thirds vote, the House on Monday passed the bill reducing the iron and steel duties. The Democrats voted solidly for the bill, with the exception of the Colorado Representatives, who balked in behalf of the local interests in zinc ore and lead ore. Among the Republican "insurgents" there was a division on the subject; twenty of them, however, voted for the bill. No better strategic step on the tariff issue could have been chosen by the Democrats as their initial move. Among the members of the insurgent faction of the Republicans in the Senate, there must, in the present condition of their campaign against Mr. Taft—not to speak of their own record on tariff reduction—be a very strong disposition to range themselves on the side of this measure, which presents so little ground for objection from any point of view except that of the out-and-out standpatter. There seems, therefore, to be a very good chance of the bill being passed by the Senate; and if this shall be done, the President will be placed in a decidedly undesirable position. The indications clearly are that he will intrench himself squarely behind his oft-asserted position that tariff changes should be made only in pursuance of the results of investigations by the Tariff Board. Possibly, however, he may find a way, with the aid of the recent report of the Bureau of Corporations, to reconcile his conscience with the signing of the bill. Politically, it must be admitted that he will find himself distinctly uncomfortable whichever way he decides.

We think that a somewhat wearied public will experience a certain relief at Col. Watterson's departure for his Florida home, "beyond the reach even of the telegraph." He has been a trifle too much with us in these past few weeks. His repeated interviews and statements, his "time-limit" and his "court of honor," have generated a good deal of heat but have yielded very little light. From his first appearance in the Wilson controversy until the one which he assured us Tuesday morning was his last, he has been as incoherent as clamorous, and self-contradictory at the very moment that he was most positive. Yet his conduct has been of a piece with the character that discerning people long since came to attribute to "Marse Henry." With engaging personal traits and a gift of piquant expression, Col. Watterson has not built up for himself a reputation for either steadiness or political sagacity. He now exclaims of Gov. Wilson: "May God protect Democracy from such a leader." This will do to place alongside his confident prediction in 1892 that if Mr. Cleveland were nominated for the Presidency, his party would simply march "through a slaughter-house to an open grave." One would think that a man with such a ludicrous prophecy to his credit would now refrain from calling upon the country to mark his words, or asking high Heaven to bear witness to his political authority.

In accordance with his policy as outlined in his annual report, and in response to a House resolution, Secretary Stimson has transmitted to Congress his suggestions for the abolition of the "political army posts" and the concentration of the troops in a few economical stations. No less than sixteen posts, and possibly eighteen, should, he says, be abandoned at once, and there is a supplementary list of seven which might go a little later. Among the latter are some of the costliest in the United States—notably, Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming, upon which has been spent $4,925,486 to make it a brigade post, and incidentally to gratify the constituents of Senator Warren of Wyoming, chairman of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs. This expenditure has hardly been completed. It will take courage, therefore, to abandon such an enterprise as this. Like Fort Logan H. Roots, in Arkansas, Fort William Henry Harrison at Helena, Montana, and Plattsburgh Barracks, New York, Fort D. A. Russell was built with a lavish hand. Our posts are unlike those of any other nation the world over, in that they represent a far larger outlay, proportionately.

Equally important with this desirable reform, in which Secretary Stimson should have the support of Congress, is the announcement that the Philippine garrison is to be cut in half, to only four regiments of infantry and two of cavalry. This will come as a great relief to the army, and speaks volumes for the confidence of the authorities in the complete pacification of the archipelago. There will still remain, of course, the Philippine Scouts, numbering 5,732 men, and the Constabulary of 4,305 men, which is under the control of the civil government. Although officered chiefly by Americans, these are composed of natives; evidently the powers that be have full confidence in the loyalty of these troops. While this step will decrease the cost of administering the archipelago, the simultaneously announced project of putting 12,000 or 15,000 troops into Hawaii as a permanent garrison reflects little credit upon the wisdom of the War Department. Hawaii is portrayed as the most important strategic point we have. As a matter of fact, high military and naval authority has long pointed out that it can only be a source of weakness. Any fleet bound for our Pacific Coast would sail by it and all its garrison, and troops stationed there would be lost for service at home.

The lack of a clearly defined platform for Ohio "progressivism" is apparent in the work of the State Constitutional Convention. The Socialist member from Cleveland would seek progress in a rigid prohibition of injunctions, a ban on the use of the State militia to preserve order in strikes, and by forbidding private police or detectives to give evidence in the courts. President Bigelow himself is virtually ready to sacrifice everything else to get through an absolutely untrammelled initiative and referendum. But he is known as a militant adherent of the single-tax idea, and so from the agricultural element come proposals to put in an ironclad prohibition of the single tax, and to include in the Constitution the present statutory tax-rate limitation. The latter was enacted last spring under vigorous pressure from Gov. Harmon, and is popular among farmers, who have found their

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December taxes decreased as compared with former years.

Some of Mr. Bigelow's followers want progress on the liquor question in the shape of a mandatory license clause, so drawn as to deny the power of the Legislature to enact State-wide prohibition, if not local option by counties. On the other hand, Mr. Bigelow's pet measures are absolutely hopeless without the aid of many "dry" votes which cannot be procured if his influence becomes entangled with the attempt to curb the power of the people to restrain the liquor traffic. And here the temperance people have the distinct advantage, as the existing Constitution gives them all the power they want. All in all, the indications are that the Convention must temper its progressiveness with great caution if its work is to stand any chance of adoption by the voters. Ohio is tired of the kind of government served up in the past by its George B. Coxes and John R. McLeans, but that feeling is not concentrated as a moving force behind any of the specific measures relied upon by extremists. Yet in this very fact lies the real opportunity of the Ohio Constitutional Convention. If it has the insight to make a correct analysis of present and prospective evils, and the wisdom to attempt only the possible for the present, while clearing the path of obstructions to future progress, it will make a name for itself.

The indictment of the ex-Director of Public Safety of Philadelphia and three others, including the head of a contracting company, is the direct result of the Catlin Commission's investigation into municipal conditions last autumn. At that time Director Clay challenged the authority of the Commission and refused to answer its summons, whereupon the Bullitt Committee proceeded to pile up a mass of uncontradicted testimony tending to show such irregularities as the alteration of specifications in contracts after they had been let to a favored firm, by which substitutions of inferior material were possible. The charges upon which the indictment has been drawn recite, further, such allegations as the showing to the contracting company of plans and specifications in advance of the regular advertising for bids, and the falsification of the city records. The accused company seems to have obtained about all of the public-building contracts under the Reyburn Administration, and a total of $200,000 is alleged to have been misappropriated in connection with its performance of them. The accused declare that they have "a perfectly good defence," but they are saving it for the trial.

For a genuine political novelty, commend us to the Primary bill which the voters of South Dakota are to pass upon in November. The independent column is to be put first upon the party ballot, but this is conservatism itself in comparison with the attempt to divide every party into an official majority and minority, which shall be recognized as such and represented by county majority and minority "proposal committeemen." These committeemen are to propose majority and minority "group principles and candidates" for the following primary. A decided innovation is the arrangement for official party endorsement of candidates for appointive positions, either State or Federal. Such endorsement is to be determined by open vote of the State Central Committee. Correlative of party endorsement is party recall, which is attained by having candidates make a written promise to resign office upon condemnation by a two-thirds vote of the Central Committee after trial of charges upon oath. There is also to be a postmaster primary, with a similar provision for resignation.

HAMILTON, Ga., January 24.—Developments following the lynching here on Monday night of four negroes, one of them a mulatto girl, for the alleged murder of Norman Hadley, indicate that the mob certainly put at least two innocent persons to death and probably three, and there is no convincing evidence that the fourth negro had anything to do with killing Hadley.

Such is Judge Lynch's usual accuracy! Moreover, if the telegraphic accounts are to be trusted, the cause of the murder was the undesired attentions of Norman Hadley, a white man, to a negro girl. "The developments," it is reported, "have caused great indignation, and a determined effort will be made to ferret out the members of the mob." Well, it is to be hoped that something will be accomplished by way of example, for once; what has happened at Coatesville is not encouraging, however. But this Georgia horror ought to open people's eyes to the hollowness of the old excuse for lynching. In not one-third of these mob-murders to-day is criminal assault alleged as the cause.

Reading of the proceedings in the trial of the meat-packers, one asks again whether the American business man, including the Big Business Man, is an ass or a clever devil. The duty on hides is now an academic question. They were made free during the tariff revision operations of two years ago. But few have forgotten the bitter struggle that preceded the act and the cries of anguish that were raised against this murderous assault on a great American industry. Where was that great industry? The Western beef-packers' accounts, as now revealed in court, show again and again that, on cattle shipments ranging between $75,000 and $100,000, the value of the hides amounted sometimes to one hundred dollars, sometimes to two hundred dollars, but seldom rose to any significant sum. Evidently, then, animal hides have no commercial value to the packers, and we ask again, what interest was threatened by the cutting down of the duty on that commodity? We are accustomed to have Wall Street go panic-stricken in anticipation of events which, when they do come, are received with perfect equanimity. Did the beef barons suffer from the same form of aberration? Or is something the matter with their bookkeeping system, as the Government contends?

The introduction in the Senate at Albany of the new game law for this State gives hope of better things. The confusing old law has been changed into a practical act of the permissive type by the Conservation Commission, while special knowledge in the codifiers who assisted in the work has led to the inclusion of a number of wise provisions. Thus, deer-taking has been limited to bucks and the beginning of the season retarded, as experience has proved that when the leaves are fallen and bucks alone can be shot, there is a marked reduction of fatal accidents. The work of the State fish hatcheries is to be helped by warfare on harmful species, whose catching will be aided by a system of permits. Quail are to be protected by an absolutely close season, save on

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Long Island, and shore-birds by a shortening of the present open season. Encouraged by the success of the present State game farm in supplying pheasants and eggs, the Commission asks for $75,000 to establish six other such farms. It is also the Commission's belief that by the issuance of a fishing license at $1 and the proper management of the State's 40,000 acres of shellfish beds, an additional revenue may be obtained which will make its entire work, including forest protection, more than self-supporting.

It now appears that the transfer of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan's art collection from the South Kensington Museum to New York is but the natural culmination of the activity that brought the works together. It need arouse no surprise either in the country which loses the treasures or in that which gains them. Nevertheless, expected as the event has long been, it does not lose any of its significance. London is experiencing something like a shock at the actual removal of long-cherished works of genius, and New York will have a suitable thrill of satisfaction, patriotic and artistic, in receiving them. Not the least striking feature of the affair is its connection with such non-artistic things as taxes. It is the abolition of the tariff duties on works of art on this side, coupled with the menace of death duties on the other, that seems to have determined the moment for the enrichment of our art treasures.

Robert Browning having had his say about grammarians, it is not amiss to see what a great grammarian thinks of Robert Browning. Something recently set Professor Gildersleeve of Johns Hopkins and the *Journal of American Philology* to rereading, after many years, "The Ring and the Book," moved thereto, says Professor Gildersleeve, "by a recent perusal of the Old Yellow Book, which, to be frank, has for any one familiar with handling original documents more real life in it than all the figures and fancies and philosophies that the genius of Browning has conjured out of it." As a grammarian, Dr. Gildersleeve has little patience with Browning, and has now and then been tempted to carry out the suggestion of an eminent scholar, "once a thrall of Browning," who wrote, "You might have something stronger to say about his abuses of English syntax." Professor Gildersleeve finally yields to the temptation and writes as follows:

> To me the English language, which I worship, however ignorantly, is a sacred thing; and he who does despite to the body of it, who deliberately twists its sinews and dislocates its joints, is a cruel monster, no matter what his genius; and such a monster of genius is Browning. I am not discussing his style, his inversions, his tiresome alliterations, his parentheses or what the Chicago ladies call in baseball parlance his curves. Nor do I find fault with the suppression of the relative. That is a return to the glorious liberty of the sons of the days of Elizabeth. But Browning's infinitives are to the gramatical soul so many mopping and mowing fiends; and it is this antigrammatical perverseness that makes it hard for me to follow up his other perverseness. There are hard writers, there are obscure writers. Some of the greatest writers are hard writers and we must submit to their conditions. But obscure writers deserve—

all that Professor Gildersleeve now proceeds to say. Thus an old topic is made refreshing by a new point of view.

London is reported to be holding up its hands in astonishment over the spectacle of New York gone "duke-mad." New York society, blandly remarks one newspaper, is not used to dukes, and its excitement seems strange to democratic Britons, to whom the very word has become a term of opprobrium. We are not concerned to defend New York "society," but it is the simple truth that its unfamiliarity with dukes has not prevented matrimonial alliances between them and some of its members. But there is a real problem in this matter of our attitude towards representatives of royalty. If we do not appear excited over them we are in danger of being denounced as boorish; and if we treat them like Presidential candidates, we are false to our traditions, in a word, duke-mad. Madness of this sort, fortunately for our self-respect, is not confined to America. We have no dukes to send abroad, but a wheat-king is just as good, if we are to judge by the reception that James A. Patten got in Manchester, not so many years ago. Our leading pugilist might have thought the people mad wherever he went in England. Indeed, we should not be surprised to find that the most detailed accounts of the activities of the Duke of Connaught among us were printed in the most duke-hating journals of his own nation—newspapers that would doubtless make their own the famous classification of society given by a Labor M.P.: "From a dustman down to a duke."

The wholesale lynching in Ecuador of political revolutionists seeking to embroil their country in fresh turmoil is hardly an imitation of American customs which we could term flattery. But if it represents an earnest desire to put an end to political conspiracies and to give the country relief from another needless revolution, the motives of the lynchers can be respected if not their methods. It is certainly high time that Central and South America took this matter of internal peace into their own hands. They cannot fail to have read Secretary Knox's recent plea that the Administration might be authorized to administer all the custom houses on the Caribbean in order to end internal disorders. It would be wise for the Latin-American republics to remove all excuse for what would be a most dangerous undertaking for us and for them.

Mr. W. Morgan Shuster's latest restatement of the case against the Russian Government in the matter of Persia lost nothing of its effect because the speaker is reported to have made no attempt at declamation or invective. The men who listened to Mr. Shuster's explanations at the London dinner Monday night came mostly from the Radical wing of the Liberal party. But that fact does not deprive their attitude in opposition to Sir Edward Grey's policy in Persia of significance as an index of what a considerable portion of the English people feel in the matter. It should be remembered that open criticism of the country's foreign policy, to the extent it is now being carried on, is a new thing in English politics. Consequently it would be from Radical quarters that the innovation would come. While it would be rash to say that Sir Edward Grey's official position has been endangered, it is safe to predict that future Ministers under a Liberal Government will have to take into account the growing feeling both against secret diplomacy as revealed in the recent Morocco crisis and against avowedly selfish diplomacy such as Sir Edward Grey has pursued in Persia for the sake of retaining Russian friendship in European affairs.

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THE AWKWARD DETAILS.

Thus far the nomination of Mr. Roosevelt, over the bleeding corpse of President Taft, has been regarded by his boomers only as a glorious idea. The general plan seems alluring and magnificent. There is to be a mighty spontaneous movement, the Great Lakes calling to the Gulf and all the Rocky Mountains clapping their hands. At the right moment the idol of the nation is to signify his consent and then there will be nothing left but acclamation in the Convention and delirious joy among the people. It looks as easy as it is grand. Unfortunately, however, all such splendid conceptions have to be worked out with a lot of details that may be irksome but are necessary. An enthusiast once took an aspiring project to Lord Salisbury, acknowledging that he had not yet given any study to the unimportant details. But Salisbury coldly observed: "In these matters, details are everything." We may be very sure that they are in politics.

It may be instructive to consider a few of the awkward details through which the Roosevelt march to glory will have to make its way. Some of them are moral obstacles. There is the Third Term precedent, together with Mr. Roosevelt's specific declaration that he respected it and would under no circumstances seek or accept another nomination for the Presidency. There is, too, the difficulty of gross disloyalty to a friend who has never been unfaithful to him. A good deal of logic-chopping and hair-splitting will also be forced upon the champions of the transparently honest man. They will have to explain that for him to say "never," is to mean "as soon as possible." They will need to argue that a spontaneous and irresistible uprising of a great people is the same thing as a carefully worked up and secretly financed excitement. Impatient Rooseveltites may, indeed, think to brush away moral details like these as of no account at all, though we think they will find them formidable before they finish. But there is another order of obstacles, of an intensely practical kind, with which they will have to reckon, and which we desire here to indicate.

A National Convention is a thing of rules and precedents. It is not a lot of cowboys got together to yell, but a gathering of delegates who must proceed under a fixed order, work through officers and committees, and pass from one step to the next with due regularity. And before they nominate a President they must adopt a platform. That is as invariable as it is sensible. Convictions must be expressed before candidates are chosen. Now, what is the Platform Committee at Chicago next June bound to report? Is it not certain that it will give the Administration of President Taft very high praise? The Republican party could not do anything else without stultifying itself. It elected Mr. Taft President, it pledged itself to the nation that he would carry out its declared policies, and it would now be not only unprecedented but absurd for it to fail to enumerate with laudation the public services of Mr. Taft. Can any man even imagine a Republican platform this year which did not remind the people what the President has done—praise his arbitration treaties, endorse his fearless enforcement of the Anti-Trust law, applaud his devotion to civil-service reform, his wise selection of judges, and so on? Any other course is inconceivable.

Now, let the mind be applied for a moment to the way in which this detail—doubtless, a wretched one, from the point of view of a transcendental Roosevelt ian—will work out in practice. The platform is sure to be highly laudatory of Taft, and then the Convention is expected to turn round and throw itself into the arms of the man who has been stabbing Taft in the back! Is there any way of doing that gracefully? On the Rooseveltian supposition, the platform would have to be punctuated at the moment with denials and deadly annotations. It would be something like the following:

> We record our warm approval of the high-minded and patriotic Administration of President Taft—and we are going to pitch him out of the window as soon as the Roosevelt stampede begins.
>
> We invite special attention to the noble work for the peace of the world wrought by a Republican President in negotiating treaties of universal arbitration—and we propose to nominate the man who denounced them as reeking with hypocrisy.
>
> We are fully resolved to uphold the hands of President Taft in enforcing the law against Trusts—and then we shall ask the country to vote for a candidate who has declared that course to be nonsensical.
>
> We cordially and proudly approve William Howard Taft—and now the party will please note the ease with which Theodore Roosevelt will knock the stuffing out of him.

This is not purely fanciful. Dancing on a rope over Niagara, or swallowing swords, would be child's play compared with what the Republican Convention will have to do if it sets out to praise the President and then do him to death. The original Roosevelt idea was, of course, that Taft would take himself out of the way. When the commander-in-chief indicated his will, how could the mere "lieutenant" withstand him? But the impudent and obstinate President is going to fight, and that creates a condition of affairs which bristles with difficulties. In a word, the grandiose notion of nominating Roosevelt without sitting down to count the cost thereof bids fair to be wrecked on miserable and overlooked details.

OUR CRIMINAL MACHINERY.

The execution of the murderer Wolter at Sing Sing on Monday coincided with the publication of Police Commissioner Waldo's annual report, and his strictures on the administration of the criminal law in this city. Wolter's crime was one of the most atrocious and abhorrent conceivable. By an unusual manifestation of energy and expedition in connection with the trial, together with quick and effective work on the part of the police, the conviction of the author of this horrible crime followed close upon the deed, the interval being little more than a month. But in spite of this, and of the total absence of mitigating circumstances, the carrying out of the sentence has come only at the end of twenty-two months of delay. Such a condition of things as this exemplifies is scandalous. We may explain it, but we cannot reconcile it with the requirements of common sense or the simplest dictates of public policy. Whatever the cause, it must be removable; and no more pressing duty rests upon public-spirited members of the bar than that of bringing about a reform under which such demoralizing absurdities shall be impossible. That the reform can be brought about requires no proof; but if any proof were needed, it would be completely supplied by the simple fact that in communities living under the same system of law as ourselves, and not a whit less jealous of the rights and liberties of the individual, no such preposterous phenomenon is witnessed. The thing is unknown in England.

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Some of the statistical and other statements contained in Commissioner Waldo's report are calculated to impress sober-minded men with the seriousness of this whole question. The large number of murders in our American communities, and the small proportion of them in which the murderer is brought to justice, are, in a general way, matters of common knowledge; but most persons will nevertheless experience a shock of surprise when confronted with the actual figures for New York. In the year 1911 there were 148 murders in this city and only 13 convictions. It is somewhat worse than that for the three preceding years; but the average annual number of murders for those years is seen to have been 117, while the average number of convictions was only 25. Mr. Waldo gives the figures for London for these same three years, 1908-10, and they are in striking contrast. The average annual number of murders in the metropolitan police district of London, with its population of 7,000,000, was only 20 against our 117; and for these 20 murders 15 persons either were convicted or committed suicide before police action. If the same proportion had existed in this city, instead of 30 persons who either were convicted or committed suicide, there would have been 88 who thus expiated their crime; and on the other hand if London had had murders in the same proportion to its population that New York had in those three years, the annual number of these crimes in the British capital would have been 164 instead of 20.

It is but fair to point out that, as Commissioner Waldo indicates in his report, we have in this city a markedly smaller proportion of policemen to the population than has either London or Paris; and this is a phase of the subject which merits serious consideration. But we feel sure that, whatever other causes may be adduced for the explanation of the unenviable prominence of our country, or of New York, in the statistics of homicide, one most important factor in the case is the want of vigor, and especially of expedition, in our judicial procedure in relation to crime. For the multitudes who live on or near the edge of criminality, the difference in moral effect between the spectacle of a stern and prompt execution of the law and the laxity and delay and needless and meaningless technicality that so often characterize the administration of it in this country is utterly incalculable. Nor is the effect of this upon the commission of the most heinous crimes to be measured simply by proceedings relating to those crimes. Such instances as those cited by Mr. Waldo of misplaced leniency in regard to other offences are of potent influence upon the tendency to commit murder as well; for nothing is better known than that murder, in a large proportion of cases, is but the culmination of lesser criminality on the part of the offender.

And there is a wider aspect of the whole matter which, in these days, must be regarded as of vital importance. The bracing up of the processes of justice, the removal of any reasonable reproach that attaches to them, is peculiarly needful at a time when the judiciary is exposed to so much attack. We are evidently only at the beginning of a period of onslaughts on our judicial system. These come from all sorts of sources, and rest on all sorts of foundation, genuine or spurious. But the ordinary citizen will not exercise careful discrimination. His attitude will be determined not by a nice balancing of specific considerations, but by the general impression produced on him. When some sensational writer tells him that the courts are rotten, that "the interests" are getting control of them, that we must have a general cleaning-up of the judiciary if the country is to be saved, he will not stop to analyze the causes of his readiness to listen to this sort of talk. He will not stop to reflect, for instance, that Wolter was not a rich man and that no "interests" had any concern with him; he will not think about the Wolter case explicitly at all. But during the past twenty months, his mind will frequently have dwelt on the unaccountable delay of justice in this case, and in others of somewhat the same character; and it will all have been set down automatically to the discredit of the courts. Their defence against reckless and unscrupulous charges is weakened by every circumstance which, whether tending to sustain those charges or not, breaks down the instinct of respect for them as efficient agencies of justice; and it should be the earnest endeavor of every friend of the courts to strengthen them against this source of danger.

AN ENGLISH PLEA FOR BOUNTIES.

In the *Oxford and Cambridge Review*, Mr. Hillaire Belloc proposes, for the encouragement of wheat-growing in England, a definite bounty system. His scheme is absolutely simple; the basis on which the determination of the bounty is to rest is perfectly well ascertained. And the argument he makes for it is as straight as a string. No Imperial preference, no "fair trade," no appeal for the need of tariff taxes as a means of compelling concessions from foreign countries, no protectionist notion of pulling yourself up by the bootstraps. Mr. Belloc finds in the history of British wheat-growing proof that the uncertainty of a paying price was so impressed upon the farmer during the period of low prices in "the late seventies and the eighties" that he has ceased to look upon that occupation as a standard use for his capital, and cannot be induced to take it up, even when it does pay, for fear of a repetition of those disastrous experiences. The proposal, therefore, is to insure him against that uncertainty by a Government guarantee of a minimum price. This is the payment of a bounty to bring up the amount he gets for his wheat to 33s. 6d. per quarter—about $1.03 per bushel—whenever the market price of wheat in England falls below that figure. When the price was at or above this mark—and it is considerably above it at the present time—there would be no bounty; when the commercial price was below it, the farmer would still receive a satisfactory return upon his investment. And with this certainty guaranteed, Mr. Belloc is confident that the wheat production would become "double, and more than double," what it now is, "with no appreciable call for extra capital."

Two great merits are claimed by Mr. Belloc for this scheme. One is that "the whole amount sacrificed in the experiment would be ascertainable and would go to the avowed object of the experiment." The other is that instead of the cost of carrying out this public policy being levied on consumers of wheat as such, it would fall upon the nation as a whole and form simply an item in the annual budget. In both of these contentions he is quite right. Since the bulk of England's wheat supply would come from abroad, and since this foreign supply would be subject to no tariff tax,

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the price of wheat to the English people would not be raised; only when that price was low, an appropriation would be made from the national exchequer to see the farmer through. And the amount of this appropriation would, from the nature of the case, be subject to a fairly rigorous limitation; for even at the price of 33s. 6d. per quarter, the amount of wheat that could be raised within the United Kingdom could not pass a certain pretty moderate limit. Just what the cost might be is a question he disposes of too lightly; but, if his proposal should ever reach the status of a practical political question, it will be interesting to see whether the honesty and directness of the method will make it acceptable to the British public. The amount involved is, comparatively speaking, so moderate, and the object proposed is one that has so much appeal to English predilections, that it may possibly find favor; but in general the strength of protectionist systems has depended pretty largely on the fact that their cost has been enveloped in mystery.

How completely this is the case in our own country we know. The three hundred million dollars, or thereabouts, which are paid in at our custom houses in the shape of duties on imports afford no measure whatever of the cost of the protectionist "experiment." They are not even related to it in the sense of forming part of that cost, from which the rest might be guessed. The true cost of protection is to be sought in the enhanced prices of the goods produced under cover of it, and sold to the American consumer at rates above those for which he could obtain them from abroad, if his Government permitted him that liberty. What this difference is, nobody knows; but in a large proportion of cases it is a percentage somewhat like that indicated by the tariff rate on the commodity in question; and that increased price is paid on the entire American product, the volume of which the amount of importation does not indicate. If the American citizen were called upon to hand over the whole amount in the form of government bounties to the manufacturers, the protectionist system could not endure for six months. A couple of billions a year, say, to be provided for in the annual budget, would be too much for the ordinary American's complacency. There may be, along with the standard protectionist fallacies, some sound arguments in favor of encouraging infant industries, insuring diversity of employments, and the rest of it; but they could not stand for a moment against the whirlwind of protest which a two-billion dollar appropriation would call forth.

As to Mr. Belloc's proposal, we fear it will be broken on the rocks upon which so many other attempts of the kind in England have made shipwreck. A plausible case may be made out for a particular step in that direction, so long as we ignore its general bearings; but there's the rub. It would cost but a trifle, says Mr. Belloc, and see how much it would accomplish. Well, even as to the cost, he commits some serious errors. The most the bounties would have come to, at any time in the past five years, would, he says, have been £2,000,000; but, curiously enough, he reckons the bounty on the actual wheat crop, and not on that doubled crop which it is the very object of his scheme to bring about. And he is far too easily assured that wheat will never get back to anywhere near the prices that prevailed in the eighties. It is precisely against that kind of contingency that the farmer will wish to be secured; and in that event, and with his doubled or trebled crop, the bounties might well go up to forty or fifty million dollars. But that is not all, nor the worst; there are other classes—perhaps not so worthy of attention, but still men and Englishmen—that will assuredly wish to be taken care of, when they see the farmer so considerately provided for. It may not be patriotic, or perhaps even logical, but it is extremely natural, and must be reckoned with. Many another interest might point to capital unused, which a trifling appropriation from the public treasury would be sufficient to set going; and there would be no stopping-place in the process. In consideration of all the vicious meddling with economic forces from which the free-trade policy has kept England exempt for three-score years, it will take a tremendously strong case for a particular exception to convince Englishmen that they would be justified in departing from its fundamental principle.

THE GERMAN ELECTIONS.

The Socialists, with their numbers more than doubled, are now the strongest party in the Reichstag. They have wrested from the Catholic Centre the leadership which that party has held for a generation. An analysis of the Socialist victories shows that they were won at the expense of every other party. To this extent the final outcome of the elections completely reverses the implications of the first ballotings of three weeks ago, when it seemed that the moderate parties were in danger of annihilation, and that the German nation was henceforth to fall apart into two irreconcilable divisions of Conservatives and revolutionists. To-day this is far from being the case. Of the fifty-seven seats won by the Socialists, fifteen came from the Conservatives, twenty came from the smaller factions in alliance with the Conservatives, ten came from the Centre, and ten from the National Liberals and Progressives. The loss of ten seats by the Centre is more significant than the mere number would indicate, because the Centre is a religious organization and is by nearly every one regarded as immune against the vicissitudes of mere lay politics. Thus it appears that more than four-fifths of the Socialist gains were made at the expense of the conservative and reactionary elements with which the Government has thrown in its fortunes. The swing away from obscurantism is illustrated in the fate of the Anti-Semite faction, which was thirty strong in 1907, and is now reported to have been virtually wiped out.

That the trend is not so much towards the revolutionary tenets of the Socialist party as away from the reactionary policies of the Conservative-Centrist alliance, is seen by a further analysis of the showing made by the Liberal and Progressive parties. These taken together have suffered, as we have said, a loss of eleven seats; they were 106 in 1907 and are 95 now. Such a decrease would not be formidable under any circumstances. It was to be expected this year when we consider that the German people, long restive under a régime of high prices and large government expenditures, would naturally turn to the Socialists as the official party of protest. The Socialist club, swung by an angry electorate, would naturally crack

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heads in all directions. But, actually, the club was swung with a great deal of discretion. Of the seats gained from the National Liberals and Radicals, the former lost eight, the latter only two. In other words, the National Liberals, because of their frequent coöperation with the conservative elements hitherto constituting the majority, have come in for a much severer punishment than the Radicals, who have refused to enter into flirtations with the parties of the Governmental *bloc*. Even now there is already talk of patching up a Government majority out of Conservatives, Centrists, and National Liberals. It is the Radicals alone who, among non-Socialist parties, have fought valiantly for a democratization of German public life, for the establishment of a responsible Ministry, and for the revision of the iniquitous suffrage system in Prussia.

To the Emperor William, the present situation must be peculiarly galling. His battle-cries against Socialism have been answered by the election of a Socialist from his own Imperial constituency in Potsdam, and the defeat of the Socialist candidate in the "palace" district of Berlin by only seven votes. There is some irresponsible talk of a dissolution and a new election. But it is hard to see what profit that would bring. The only promising way of beating down the Socialist strength would be to bring on a foreign war and force a "khaki" election. But that would be a bit of Machiavellian statesmanship of which not even William II's enemies believe him capable. What the Emperor must consider is the change in temper that has come over the German nation in the last four years. In 1907, Von Bülow went to the country on the colonial question, and, by forcing the issue of patriotism, succeeded in cutting the Socialist strength in two. This year, too, there seemed to be a fair opportunity for the chauvinist argument. Germany had come out of the Moroccan controversy with little credit, because, as the general belief went, of English interference. Anti-English feeling has run high. The big-navy men have been ringing the changes on Germany's mission and her old place in the sun. Apparently here was reason enough for expecting a sharp popular rally to the side of the Government. But the German elector seems to have kept a cool head. Loyalty to the fatherland in time of real need was one thing—Herr Bebel has declared that in a war with France he would shoulder his musket for the frontier—and the reactionary record of the Conservative-Centre alliance was another. The narrow Agrarian policy which holds the frontiers closed against foreign foodstuffs in spite of soaring prices, the Conservative opposition to electoral reform and the institution of true representative government—these issues had bitten in too deep to be washed away in a wave of anti-English resentment.

It is precisely against the recurrence of such crises as agitated Europe last year that the presence of 110 Socialists in the Reichstag should work effectively. Their services to the cause of international peace constitute a record which the world recognizes and in which the Socialists take increasing pride. Though the Kaiser's Government succeed in building up a working majority out of anti-Socialist elements, it is impossible to believe that the Imperialist fire-eaters will have things their own way. The Socialists and Radicals, by standing together, can compel moderation in the matter of naval armaments. They can force a foreign policy determined by the desires of the German people and not by the views of the militarists and bureaucrats. This, in turn, involves the establishment of parliamentary machinery for making effective the will of the majority. The institution of a responsible Ministry is one of the questions that are bound to come up in the present Reichstag. On that issue, it is difficult to imagine the National Liberals refusing to join hands with the other parties of the Left and thus forming a solid majority in favor of true representative government.

THE SITUATION IN CHINA.

The imminence of startling changes continues to be announced with daily regularity from Peking and Shanghai, yet the condition of affairs in China remains very much what it was a month ago. Even if one could separate the fact from the amazing tangle of rumor and guesswork concerning the rapid shiftings of Manchu policy, it would still be rash to base any forecast of the future on what the morning's news brings forth. The same would be true of any attempt at interpreting the daily actions of the individual leaders on either side. The one fact that does stand out is that a temporary deadlock between Imperialists and revolutionists has been reached, and for reasons that are not at all mysterious. Both sides are now taking stock of their resources and weighing the chances of a renewed appeal to arms. The republicans have gone as far as the original outburst of revolutionary ardor can carry them. This does not mean that the revolutionary spirit has spent itself, but that if the war is to be carried on, the republican leaders must henceforth busy themselves with the matter-of-fact problems of finance and organization. A swift revolution can work itself out spontaneously, but a protracted civil war brings up difficult questions of practical statesmanship.

At Peking, it is apparent that the Manchus have recovered from panic. The seriousness of the situation is recognized, but in spite of rumors of abdication and flight, the Throne seems to be surrounded by influences tending strongly against unconditional surrender to the republicans. The Imperial clan believes that there is a fighting chance, and, putting the financial question aside, such a chance really does exist. The northern provinces have not risen against the monarchy, and the Imperialist forces in those provinces have hitherto remained loyal, notwithstanding the recurrence of local outbreaks of mutiny. The very fact that the republicans have consented to discuss terms and agreed to one armistice after another must have given encouragement to the Government. The military weakness of the Manchus has probably been exaggerated. They are, of course, overwhelmingly outnumbered by the Chinese, but they constitute a fighting clan amidst an unwarlike population, and, with the aid of tribesmen from Mongolia, which has remained loyal to the Throne, should be able to give a good account of themselves. But the Imperialists, like the revolutionists, are in need of money. With a full treasury at Peking, it is very likely that the Imperialist armies would have been set in motion before this.

It is thus possible to describe the present lull in the war, with its accompanying negotiations, intrigues, and jockeyings, as conditioned in large measure by such simple causes as inadequate finances, the winter season, and the need

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of time for recuperation in both camps. Things are much what they were a month ago, with this exception, however, that the influence of the foreign Powers is beginning to enter more intimately into the problem. Here again, we have much rumor and comparatively little specific fact to deal with. But there seems to be no ground for questioning the general correctness of the assumption that the sympathies of Japan and Russia are with the present dynasty, whereas British and American opinion inclines towards the revolutionists. The reasons are not hard to find. Both Japan and Russia have profited territorially by the feebleness of the Peking Government, and might expect to go on doing so. A patriotic republican régime at Peking might not only put a stop to the territorial spoliation of China, but might endeavor to exact an accounting for past transactions. It is quite true that, with China plunged in civil war, there might be some rich pickings for the outsider, but civil war cannot go on forever. If one horse or the other must be backed, Japan and Russia would undoubtely prefer the present Government to continue. Even abstract reasons may enter into the question. Thus the spectacle of a Chinese republic would not be pleasing to autocratic Russia, and might be regarded as an internal menace by Japan.

If British and American sympathies are enlisted on the side of the revolutionists, it is also because of a mingling of practical and sentimental reasons. As nations with a trade interest rather than a territorial interest in China, the two Powers would naturally favor a movement aiming at the modernization of the Empire on lines of European political and economic development. A more specific cause is the predominance of British interests in Southern China, where the revolutionary movement is strongest. Self-protection demands a friendly bearing towards the revolutionists, and, besides, the republican cause is a good risk to back. It is a game in which there is little to lose and a good deal to gain. Added to this, there is the natural inclination on the part of Anglo-Saxon sentiment in favor of free political institutions.

A MODERN SPANISH MYSTIC.

Ticknor, in his "History of Spanish Literature," speaks of ascetics and mystics as "the natural produce of the soil of Spain." Perhaps it might be more accurate to say that they were the natural produce of a period of Spanish history. The sixteenth century was indeed marked by a notable advent of mystical writers, of whom Santa Teresa, Luís de Granada, Juan de Avila, Fray Luís de León, and San Juan de la Cruz are the best known. The seventeenth century had also one great mystic, Miguel de Molinos, and the influence of mysticism was still apparent in the plays of Lope de Vega and of Calderón, and upon the convases of Murillo; but, with the passing of the seventeenth century, mysticism seems to have waned in the peninsula.

It is, therefore, with no little interest that the student of Spanish letters must have followed the mystical tendency in the writings of Miguel de Unamuno, which, dimly foreshadowed in his early novel, "Paz en la Guerra," later appeared as the source of inspiration of much of his memorable commentary on the "Life of Don Quijote and Sancho," and which, more clearly expressed in some of his essays, has received its most intimate expression in his recent volumes of poetry, "Poesías" and "Rosario de Sonetos Líricos." This ever-increasing strain of mysticism will cause his readers to look forward with some eagerness to its culminating exposition in the form of a prose treatise on "The Love of God," on which the rector of the University of Salamanca has been at work for several years.

Paul Rousselot, in his well-known work on "The Spanish Mystics," says of them that they "proceed from catholicism and never depart therefrom. So they have nothing that smacks of heresy; their religion of love is not destined to conceal suspicious innovations, and there is perhaps no other example of a religious mysticism that has remained so absolutely faithful to catholicism, while being so general and so widely diffused." This is true of all the great Spanish mystics of the sixteenth century. Even Fray Luís de León, who once held the chair of sacred literature in the old University of Salamanca, and who was, perhaps, the most heterodox of them all, bowed meekly to the authority of the church, and accepted his long chastisement at the hands of the Inquisition with due humility. The chief Spanish mystic of the seventeenth century, too, Miguel de Molinos, was only found to be heretical after his enemies had made repeated efforts to bring about his downfall. Pope Innocent XI read his writings with great pleasure and discovered in them no heresy.

One of the characteristics likewise of the outbreak of mysticism in France of some years ago is its ultra-catholicism. One has only to recall certain passages of Verlaine, of Barbey d'Aurévilly, of Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, of Hello, and the last years of Huysmans, to find abundant proof of this. "The Catholic Church has the Truth," says Ernest Hello. "The Catholic Church dominates all centuries. It speaks of eternity with a certain familiarity."

The mysticism of the present Rector of Salamanca, however, is of no such bland assurance. His ears are closed to the voice of authority; but they are strained to catch the "still small voice" of truth, and in the fierceness of his spiritual struggle to apprehend this voice and to convey its message to the world, his utterance appears at times unorthodox, to say the least. His sonnets, entitled "The Prayer of the Atheist" and "My Heretical God," in his latest volume of verse, bear witness to this fact.

These titles also indicate a paradoxical turn of mind, which is apparent in the headings of other poems in the same collection, as, for example, "The Life of Death" and "The Blood of the Spirit." His frequent use of paradox throughout his writings has been attributed by some unfriendly critics to a desire for eccentricity, though no one ventures to deny that he uses this rhetorical device with power; and on more than one occasion he has taken it upon himself to rebuke his detractors and to defend his own sincerity:

> They will say, and I can hear them, that I only seek and search for ingenious paradoxes, that I may seem original, but I merely say to them that if they do not see or feel all the passion and fire of my soul and the profound longings and ardent zeal that I have put into these commentaries on the life of my master, Don Quijote, and of his squire, Sancho, and that I have put into other works of mine, if they cannot see or feel this, I repeat, I pity them from the bottom of my heart, and I hold them to be vile slaves of common sense, materialistic minds, in darkness reciting in chorus the old couplets of Calainos.

Both in his foundness for paradox and in his desperate "attempt to apprehend the absolute," Unamuno reminds one of the eminent modern Portuguese poet, Anthero de Quental. In the poetry of the latter, however, the dominant note is discouragement and bitterness. Some one has defined a pessimist as a "mystic gone wrong." Such is Anthero de Quental. The doubt of Quental, like that of the poet of "The City of Dreadful Night," leads to inaction and despair. That of Unamuno, on the other hand, is the doubt that grapples with vast, elusive problems with a sturdy optimism, obtaining from the very struggle a creative faith. "His imagination was filled with glorious follies," says Unamuno in speaking of Don Qui-

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jote, "and he believed to be truth what was only beauty, and he believed it with a living faith, with a faith that engenders works, with a faith that brought to pass what his folly had disclosed to him, and by the mere belief in it he made it truth."

His is the doubt that only those with faith can know, the doubt that only those can feel whose love of the truth is so austere that they cannot accept it on another's testimony. "For only those who doubt, truly believe," says Unamuno, "and those who do not doubt, do not truly believe. True faith is maintained by doubt; with doubts that are its sustenance is it nurtured and acquired from moment unto moment." Like Jacob, he has wrestled with the Lord to learn His name, and like Jacob he has been wounded in the struggle, but also blessed. Nowhere is this struggle so well portrayed as in his "Salmos," the most noble expression of a doubting faith in Spanish literature:

Oh, phantom of my sad tormented breast;
Reflection from my brain on the remote
Far rim of space beyond the farthest stars;
My deathless I;
Realization of timeworn desire;
Dream of my anguished heart;
Father, Son of my soul;
Oh, Thou, whom while affirming we deny,
Denying, yet affirm,
Art thou in Truth?

The mysticism of Miguel de Unamuno has much in common with that of the great English poets, of whose works he is an ardent reader. There is nothing in it that recalls the recent French perverted mysticism, that affected mysticism which caused Baudelaire, "amidst the imaginations and frenzied dreams that sprang from a continual orgy of opium, hashish, and alcohol," to subscribe to the following rule of life: "To say every morning my prayer to God, that fount of strength and justice, to my father, to Mariette and to Poe, as intercessors: to pray them to endow me with sufficient strength to accomplish all my duties." The mysticism of Unamuno is free from artificiality or sham.

To this modern Spanish mystic the spiritual life is the only real life. That of the phenomenal world, so accentuated to-day, is only vain and fleeting, an illusion of the senses. "And how did you come, oh marvellous knight," he exclaims, in his commentary on Don Quijote, "to the depth of wisdom, which consists in regarding as invisible and fantastic the things of this world, and so, by virtue of thus regarding them, in not being disturbed thereby?" A certain amount of asceticism always characterizes such a temperament. When the writer first met Señor de Unamuno he received an invitation to dine with him, but a date some days in advance was indicated, as the Rector had not yet finished his "period of fasting." He abominates that "fatal power of the belly," as he terms it, "that obscures the memory and dims the faith, enchaining us to the fleeting moment."

Though Don Miguel de Unamuno may well be termed a mystic, he is no mere dreamer. The force of his logic has been recognized throughout Spain, and his opinions are respected by men of widely divergent views. One Spanish critic, in speaking of his volume of "Tres Ensayos," asserts that it is "the first work of a thinker that has appeared in Spain since the publication of the works of Don Juan Valera." "The Rector of Salamanca is one of the most robust and enlightened minds of those that ennoble contemporary Spain," says another. Not only is the mind of Unamuno logical, but it is filled with ideas, which he has always had the courage to express "in season and out of season," and it is a rare sign of the strength of his personality that, though often opposing the accepted ideas of the Catholic Church and of the *alta aristocracia*, he has yet been able to retain his position at the head of such a stronghold of orthodoxy as is the University of Salamanca.

Unamuno has been called to speak, or, as he himself puts it, "to preach" in many cities of Spain and even of South America, upon various occasions of importance, and by his wonderful power of expression and his peculiar point of view he has always won the sympathy of his audience. On a recent stay in Salamanca the writer attended a sort of revival of the old floral games, at which Unamuno was the chief speaker. A handsome queen and court of honor had been chosen from among the fairest of Salamanca ladies, and well-groomed young men read harmless poetical effusions with great tenderness. Upon the coming of the Rector all was trepidation and excitement; and when he had finished a most powerful address upon the real needs of the youth of Spain, and upon the deplorable lack of that mental and moral training that makes for true poets and noble women, the audience welcomed his avoidance of the expected platitudes and greeted his criticisms with enthusiasm.

As a writer, Miguel de Unamuno is no less remarkable than as a thinker. His vocabulary is unusually rich and varied, and he is exacting in his choice of words. The philological training that brought him to his chair of Greek in the University of Salamanca has made him familiar with the original meaning of words, which he sometimes uses in a way to surprise the casual reader, who may be ignorant of their antecedents. He does not scruple to coin new words, if he needs them. His prose is subtly musical. Read, for example, the following lines from "Paisajes":

There rise, at the margin of the river, rows of slender poplars, languid and erect, infusing in him who contemplates them the sensation of supreme simplicity that this humble tree evokes. For the poor poplar of the river-banks is a tree that seems to incarnate in the landscape the spirit of those *primitives* who painted glory with the tints of the dawn; it is a tree that has something of sweet liturgical rigidity about it.

There is no other modern Spanish writer whose prose is at times so lyrical, except perhaps Pío Baroja in his "Vidas Sombrías."

The verse of Unamuno is, as one critic has put it, "surprising and disconcerting to all who have no ear," but to one who knows, it has a "singular rhythm, evocative of the old Hebrew chants." This is true of the "Salmos," which will be the most enduring of Unamuno's poetical work. His theory of art is expressed in a short poem of six stanzas, the title of which is significant, "Denso, denso," and he has realized in most of his verse his aspiration to make it "sinewy, without fat, with solid flesh, compact." One must not conclude, however, that he is hostile to all light and graceful rhythm; witness this brief selection from a poem dedicated to his wife:

Soft and gentle eyes of mine,
Streams that shine
Ever brimming o'er with peace,
As I drink in your calm glance
That enchants,
To my soul is borne release.
. . . . . .
Oh! my stars of morning bright,
Springs of light,
Whence the peace that I foresee;
Through you may God on me gleam
And redeem,
And through you come nigh to me!

His poems of childhood often remind one by their singing rhythm, as well as by their quaint humor and pathos, of the verse of Eugene Field.

The appearance of Señor de Unamuno is striking. Like his Basque progenitors, he is taller than the men of purely Spanish blood. He is of a sinewy frame, with great power of endurance. His hair and pointed beard, once black, are iron-gray. His eyes, deep-set under heavy brows, are keen yet kindly. His friends are many, from the street urchins of Salamanca, who know that the Rector always has a friendly interest in them and their games, to the King of Spain, who has been heard to speak of him as "my friend Unamuno." They embrace all classes, even those who might be expected to shun him on account of the freedom of his views. An Augustinian monk is one of his closest friends. The students of Salamanca naturally worship "Don Miguel," as they call their president, for an indifference to public opinion and a fearless advocacy of one's own views always appeal to manly youth.

His days have been passed, for the most part, in almost patriarchal sim-

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plicity in the society of his devoted wife and children, amidst the "golden stones" of Salamanca, his adopted home. In a recent letter he speaks of his life as follows:

> Like my Basque country, I have no history, or rather it is all purely internal Since my birth in Bilbao on the 29th of September, 1864, of a Basque family, nothing has happened to me that can interest a reader. . . . As to my internal life of storms and longings, of constant metaphysical and religious crises, it is scattered through my writings.

EVERETT WARD OLMSTED.

Cornell University.

CANADIAN BOOKS OF 1911.

OTTAWA, January 25.

Perhaps the most noticeable feature of the year's output of books published in or about Canada is the number devoted to a description of the country as it is to-day. These books, generally written by transatlantic visitors, and based more or less on first impressions, are bound to be somewhat superficial. Yet it would be unjust to place too much emphasis on this characteristic, as the authors are in most cases men of judgment and experience, able by education and training to see things in their proper perspective. Their books are books of the hour, designed to inform those who have not had the opportunity of visiting Canada of the elements that enter into the country's remarkable efforts towards industrial and commercial expansion. They are directed particularly to English readers, and to the growing classes of English readers who are interested in the Dominion as a prospective home or a field of profitable investment. They are not books that will live; and it is quite probably true that their authors did not expect them to do more than answer their immediate purpose. In doing that, they become, however, an important factor in the ambitious schemes of Canadian public men. If they serve no other purpose, they are at least likely to swell the streams of men and money flowing into the Dominion, for, with few exceptions, they confirm all that had been said as to the material resources of the country, and praise unreservedly the broad, statesmanlike policy of the Government for their development.

Arthur E. Copping's "Canada To-day and To-morrow" (Cassell) may be taken as a type of these books of contemporary Canadian history. His optimism is never in doubt. It breaks out in the opening paragraph:

> For those who mark the current of events, Canada's great destiny is written plain. Canada in a few decades must possess more people and more realized wealth than Great Britain. Whether the centre of Imperial control will then cross the Atlantic is a point on which prophecies differ. Memories enshrined in Westminster Abbey will tend to conserve the ancient seat of government. Yet there is weight in the surmise that the logic of numbers will ultimately prevail.

Having foreshadowed the great destiny of the country, Mr. Copping devotes the rest of his book to a discussion of the foundation on which he believes it to be based: mineral and agricultural wealth, lumber and fisheries, unrivalled water-power, transportation facilities, natural and acquired, and a broad, far-sighted, and comprehensive national policy designed to procure the right kind of settlers and unlimited capital. In a second book, "The Golden Land" (Musson), Mr. Copping deals more specifically with the British immigrant, the conditions he must expect to face on the Canadian prairies, and the qualities that make for success.

R. E. Vernède, in "The Fair Dominion" (Briggs), covers in sketchy fashion the country and its varied characteristics. He is not profound, but, on the other hand, he is not prosy, and he has at least succeeded in giving an unusually graphic and sympathetic picture of village life in French Canada. One phrase, drawn from his experience of French-Canadian rural life, and its contrast to the bustling, money-making atmosphere of English-speaking Canada (one might add, English-speaking America), is worth remembering: "To make money circulate is a virtue, no doubt; but courtesy and simplicity and prudence are also virtues that not the greatest country that is yet to come will find itself able to dispense with."

In "Canada's West and Farther West" (Musson), Frank Carrel describes in journalistic English, with a somewhat appalling wealth of facts and figures, the incidents of a month's journey from Quebec to Victoria, with side trips down the Okanogan and Yoho Valleys in British Columbia.

F. A. Talbot, in "The New Garden of Canada" (Cassell), touches upon a virtually unknown field. Travelling on horseback through the Yellowhead Pass, he spent some time studying the economic and scenic value of the interior of New Caledonia, or Northern British Columbia, and his account of what he found there makes decidedly interesting reading. The far western province supplies the scene of another new book, J. T. Bealby's "Fruit Ranching in British Columbia" (Black), an authoritative account of one of the most promising industries of Western Canada. A work of much wider interest is W. P. Rutter's "Wheat-Growing in Canada, the United States, and the Argentine" (Black). Submitted as a thesis for the degree of master of commerce at Manchester University, Mr. Rutter's book brings together a valuable mass of data on the climatic and other conditions affecting the yield and marketing of wheat in these three countries.

Frank Yeigh, in "Through the Heart of Canada" (McClurg), offers a readable account of the country from the picturesque rather than the utilitarian standpoint. W. L. Griffith's "The Dominion of Canada" (Little, Brown; reviewed in the *Nation*, August 17, 1911), is an attempt, and on the whole a satisfactory attempt, to bring within the compass of a single volume a popular description of the country, its history, and present development; the social conditions of the people, the Parliamentary and economic systems of the country, its physical features and natural resources. F. A. Talbot, in "The Making of a Great Canadian Railway" (Musson), tells the story of the planning and construction of the second Canadian transcontinental railway, the Grand Trunk Pacific. J. T. Bealby's "Canada" (Black) is a popular account of the Dominion for younger readers, made more attractive by a series of excellent colored illustrations by T. Mower Martin and other Canadian and English artists.

The books hitherto mentioned have been devoted principally to Western Canada. The year's list, however, contains several volumes belonging more particularly to the eastern end of the country. Such a book is F. G. Aflalo's "A Fisherman's Summer in Canada" (Scribner), devoted to the author's unsuccessful attempts to land a Cape Breton tuna, and to other sporting experiences in the Maritime Provinces. Horace G. Hutchinson's "A Saga of the Sunbeam" (Longmans) is an entertaining narrative of the latest voyage of Lord Brassey's famous yacht, from the Moray Firth by way of Iceland to Newfoundland, Quebec, and Montreal. W. G. Gosling's "Labrador: Its Discovery, Exploration, and Development" (Lane) is an exhaustive, but somewhat ill-digested account of that much-discussed region. A more welcome contribution to Labrador literature is Dr. C. W. Townsend's admirable condensation of Cartwright's Journal, "Captain Cartwright and His Labrador Journal" (Dana Estes), with an introduction by Dr. Grenfell. An even more valuable reprint is the Champlain Society's edition of Hearne's "Journey from Hudson's Bay to the Northern Ocean," with introduction and notes by J. B. Tyrrell, the explorer of the Barren Grounds.

The Canadian section, or rather the British North American section, of Lucas's "Historical Geography of the British Colonies," has this year been rounded out by the publication of J. D. Rogers's "Newfoundland" (Clarendon Press; reviewed October 26, 1911). Mr. Rogers ingeniously explains the appearance of this supplementary volume, the substance of which it was originally intended to incorporate in the volumes devoted to Canada. When the series was pro-

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jected, he says, it seemed likely that before its completion, Newfoundland would have been absorbed into the Dominion. But Newfoundland still remains *sui generis*—hence this book.

Turning once more to Western Canada, we find two books, equally instructive and entertaining, added to the quite respectable literature of the Canadian Rocky Mountains. One is Mary T. S. Schaffer's "Old Indian Trails of the Canadian Rockies" (Putnam; reviewed September 28, 1911); and the other Prof. A. P. Coleman's "The Canadian Rockies" (Frowde). Another book of the same class, but dealing with a more northerly region, is C. Sheldon's "Wilderness of the Upper Yukon" (Scribner; reviewed December 7, 1911). Thompson Seton's "Arctic Prairies" (Scribner) describes in characteristic fashion the journey of this artist-naturalist through the Barren Lands north of Great Slave Lake, and what he found there for his pen and pencil. W. S. Herrington's "Evolution of the Prairie Provinces" (Briggs) traces briefly the history of the discovery and development of the Canadian Northwest; while John McDougall adds another volume to his reminiscences of frontier life in the same vast country, in his "On Western Trails in the Early Seventies" (Briggs).

Several important books of Canadian biography appeared in 1911, notably the work on "The Scotsman in Canada" (Musson), by Dr. W. W. Campbell and Dr. George Bryce, the former dealing with Eastern Canada and the latter with Western Canada. One must read these two substantial volumes to realize fully the extent to which men of Scottish birth or descent have been connected with every large Canadian movement, whether of exploration, war, politics, education, or trade. A less ambitious volume in the same subject is John M. Gibbon's "Scots in Canada" (Musson). Madame Albani's "Forty Years of Song" (Copp Clark) contains the reminiscences of this greatest of Canadian singers. The "Diary of Mrs. John Graves Simcoe" (Briggs), edited by John Ross Robertson, throws an exceedingly interesting light on the social and political life of Upper Canada in the days of Gov. Simcoe.

Two books devoted to the lives of the faithful missionaries of the Catholic Church are Katherine Hughes's "Father Lacombe" (Briggs), and T. J. Campbell's "Pioneer Priests of North America" (America Press; reviewed January 18, 1912). The former tells the story of the splendid life-work of a man universally beloved in Western Canada, where he still labors, in his eighty-fifth year. Father Campbell's two volumes describe the work of the Jesuit missionaries of New France among the Hurons and Algonquins, and form a continuation of his earlier volume on the Iroquois mission.

Several chapters of Sir William Butler's "Autobiography" (Constable; reviewed August 31, 1911) are devoted to his life in Canada, and particularly to his journeys through the Western country many years ago, when railways and wheat-fields were not yet dreamed of. Beckles Willson's "Nova Scotia" (Stokes) is a popular history of the old province down by the sea. As a piece of splendid book-making, and an interesting memorial of the Tercentenary Celebrations at Quebec, the "King's Book of Quebec," edited by the Dominion Archivist, Dr. Arthur G. Doughty, is worthy of more than the passing mention that can be given to it here. L. J. B.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In the *Nation* of last week I gave some account of a little-known story of Hardy's and its strange underground history in America. "The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid" is not the only story abandoned by the great novelist. It was by accident that I came upon a little tale to which no reference is made in Mr. Lane's bibliography, a tale actually lost to the public so far as I can learn. It likewise appeared in the Seaside Library (No. 1155), but was apparently not issued in the pocket edition. It is entitled "What the Shepherd Saw." The Seaside issue, dated December 19, 1881, includes five other tales, all, like this one, suitable to the Christmas season. Among the authors, the only name distinguished in the annals of polite literature is Thomas Hardy. It is scarcely to be supposed that Hardy's tale was here printed from MS. or with authority. Four of the other tales are taken from the Christmas number of the *Graphic* for 1881.

This Christmas story is particularly interesting for its setting. The four scenes of which it consists are all laid in winter moonlight, and they are shown us through the eyes of the sheepboy of Lambing Corner. We are reminded of the shepherd's hut in "Far from the Madding Crowd," and its background of starlit sky and dim pasture-land. But more interesting than the hut itself is an ancient monument that is made to play a prominent part in the story:

> To the south, there rose one conspicuous object above the uniform moonlit plateau, and only one. It was a Druidical trilithon, consisting of three oblong stones in the form of a doorway, two on end and one across as a lintel. Each stone had been worn, scratched, washed, nibbled, split, and otherwise attacked by ten thousand different weathers; but now the blocks looked shapely and little the worse for wear, so beautifully were they silvered over by the light of the moon. The ruin was locally called the Devil's Door.

Against this background is enacted the tragic drama: and upon this stone the trembling sheep-boy is compelled to swear a solemn and terrible oath. Even in a Christmas tale Hardy cannot forego his predilection for the sombre and discouraging aspects of life. As usual with him, the catastrophe is the result of an accident, a misunderstanding; and the malignancy of fate pursues not merely the criminal but the innocent witness of the crime. Characteristic, too, is Hardy's poetical use of the Druid monument to suggest a contrast between the fleeting lives of men and the hoary ages that stretch before and after. The reader will recall how the stormy career of Tess came to an end upon her capture among the ancient stones of Salisbury Plain. The main intention of "Two on a Tower" was to set the transitory lives of these two lovers against a background of the eternal stars. This large poetic conception is not incompatible, in any of these cases, with great simplicity of style. Like the story of the milkmaid, "What the Shepherd Saw" sometimes suggests in manner the charm and naïveté of the folktale. The tale impresses me as, on the whole, quite within the class of those included in the "Group of Noble Dames," and as worthy of being recovered for the lovers of Hardy.

JOSEPH WARREN BEACH.

Correspondence

THE FLOOD OF LEGISLATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Until within a few years it seems to have been taken for granted by everybody that Legislatures and Congress must meet every year and enact laws. The result of this belief is seen in the vast number of statutes enacted every year in the various States and by Congress. Recently, however, there has been a great awakening of the people to the immense amount of statute law which this system has produced, much of which is unnecessary and a good deal of which is positively mischievous, and attention again and again has been called to the matter, not only by laymen, but also by lawyers, who are popularly supposed to fatten upon this craze for legislation. No less a body than the American Bar Association has animadverted upon this growing evil and has put the seal of its condemnation upon it.

In old days, when the people were governed by Kings, it was of the utmost importance that Parliaments (the assembly where the representatives of the people met and gave voice to the wishes of the people) should be frequently convened, and our ancestors did well for their day and generation when they insisted that Parliaments should be summoned frequently. But now, when the people govern through their representatives, the condition is reversed, and the frequent assembling of the people's representatives and the multitude of laws passed by them have become unmitigated evils. This state of things is due, of course, in part to the choice of bad representatives.

It is proverbial that that which is everybody's business is nobody's business, and this great, if homely, truth undoubtedly explains and accounts in great part for the evil which we are discussing. The generality of men do not take interest enough in public affairs to select proper representatives, and this to a large extent accounts not only for the many bad and worse than useless laws we have, but also for the great multitude of merely inexpedient or needless laws. By reason of the apathy of the voters the control of public affairs falls into the hands of the politicians who make it their business. Few voters would choose, for directing their own private business or making rules and regulations for the conduct of their private affairs, the men whom they

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elect to public office for the management of the most important public business intimately affecting the welfare and happiness of every citizen of the Commonwealth.

But this is by no means all. Not only do we send to the Legislature to represent us men of whom we know next to nothing, but we send them without any instructions beyond the general instruction that they are to enact laws—not specific laws, not well-thought-out and needful laws, but just laws of some kind or other, no matter what, so that there be laws enacted. For what other purpose are Legislatures convened? There is one and only one legitimate thing which a legislator can do, and that, obviously, is to legislate. The result is that in the long lapse of years the legitimate field of legislation has become choked with vegetation. Every inch of it is planted until there is no longer room to insert the tiniest seed. What is the result? The result inevitably is and must continue to be that illegitimate fields of legislation will be cultivated.

Clearly, there is but one way to put a stop to the enactment of unnecessary laws, and that is obviously not to elect your Legislature until it becomes necessary to pass some needed law and then to send your representatives to do that and that only. It should seem that nothing could be simpler. And now for the practical working of the scheme.

In the writer's State the law provides for the holding of town meetings every year in the spring (city elections are held at divers times, but this could easily be arranged). Why not provide by law, or by a change in the Constitution, that at these spring meetings this question should annually be submitted to the voters: Shall the Legislature meet this year? If this question should be answered in the negative by a majority of the voters in the State, it would end the matter for that year. If the question were answered in the affirmative, then, of course, the ordinary proceedings would go forward for the regular elections of representatives which are held in the autumn. Owing to the novelty of the proceeding and to the force of habit and the inevitable opposition of the politicians, it might be expected that at first the old order of things would obtain; but as the people came to consider the advantages which would come to their business by being relieved of the annual uncertainty and turmoil occasioned by the convening of the Legislature, it may be expected that they would, after a time, try to see how long they could do without this annual irritant, and would end by discovering that the occasions for the assembling of a Legislature would be few and far between, since we already have laws enough and to spare.

The plan suggested would have other and far-reaching beneficial results. As a remedy for bad laws and as a consequence of the dissatisfaction with present methods, of late there has come to be a demand more or less insistent for new methods of legislating. We hear a great deal about the initiative and the referendum. These, however, are schemes of questionable merit and doubtful expediency. It seems to be generally admitted that the people cannot successfully legislate *en masse*. The people often know what they want, and doubtless there are times when the majority are right. When men's minds are really stirred and actively at work, and time enough is given to prevent acting from mere impulse, there is a great deal of truth in the maxim *vox populi vox dei*. But it does not follow from this that the people *en masse* are best fitted to formulate in terms of law the will to which they seek to give expression. This would seem to be better done by a few who truly represent their constituents. If the Legislature were no longer to meet every year as a matter of course, but only when it was specially summoned, it would only be called for special and definite purposes, and would be expected to enact only special and definite laws concerning the subject-matters which led to its being summoned, and thus the objects sought by the initiative and referendum would be effected in the best and most legitimate way. The circumstances which would lead the citizens to summon the Legislature would direct and shape the legislation needed.

In another way, the plan would work well. Since the Legislature would be called together only when there seemed to be a real need for legislation, it would only be called when the people were really interested, and this very interest of the people would lead them to see to it that only men in whom they had confidence were sent to the Legislature. The direct result of this would be a higher type of legislators.

The question will be asked, of course, how the affairs of government would be administered in the intervals between the assembling of the Legislature. The answer is, in the same way that they are administered in the States where the Legislature meets only once in two years. The executive and administrative officers would be elected as before. Provision would be made that the annual appropriations and assessment of taxes should be carried on from year to year automatically. The only difficulty would be that increased appropriations could not be made until a new Legislature should be summoned, but, in the minds of many persons, this result would not be regarded as an unmixed evil.

And, finally, a great, if not a fatal, blow would be struck at the professional politician and lobbyist, whose occupation, depending as it does on annual Legislatures, would be gone.

Nor is the proposition above outlined so revolutionary as would at first sight seem to be the case. In many States at the present time the Legislature meets only once in two years, and there is nothing in the scheme proposed herein which would prevent the assembling of the Legislature biennially, or, indeed, annually, as now, if it seemed desirable. But, if it is desirable to have only biennial sessions, why not triennial or quinquennial? Why not do away with all fixed times of convening the Legislature, and let the people call the legislators together when they see fit. Whether such a system could be extended to the sessions of Congress, is a matter of much doubt and difficulty; but, if it could be so extended, we should see a consummation devoutly to be wished.

JAM SATIS.

Boston, January 26.

THE COLLEGE PROFESSOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is doubtful whether any teacher will reply to Mr. Benedict's communication in your issue of January 18; though manifestly unjust, it will be ignored by them. But it may not be amiss for one of the same student body as Mr. Benedict to take exception to certain of his statements.

No one will deny that teachers are poorly paid, but your correspondent apparently thinks that this reflects upon the character and ability of men engaged in teaching. Is it not rather almost the one sign of idealism in a very materialistic land and age? He objects to the time and energy devoted to research leading to no very practical result. Is not such devotion good to behold in the few, in contrast with the utilitarianism of the many? He quotes Kipling against selfishness. Did not Kipling write the line "Each for the joy of the working"? He has many hard things to say of teachers—few are "of the higher intellectual types," those who are successful are "selfish," most have "little brilliancy" and "uninspiring personalities," the majority are "unfit to pursue any other character of work." In teaching, as in any profession, there must be some men not particularly brilliant, nor of especially inspiring personality, but I venture to say that the average here is at least as high as in medicine or law; and for one brilliantly successful business man there are hundreds of struggling clerks. I may say that for five years it has been my privilege to associate with various members of a university faculty, and I have found all singularly unselfish and anxious to aid and encourage, and able to inspire those who come under their care.

In "The American Commonwealth," Vol. II, p. 720, Mr. Bryce writes (after speaking of the small salaries of college professors):

> Under these conditions it may be found surprising that so many able men are to be found on the teaching staff of not a few colleges as well as universities. . . .The reason is to be found partly in the fondness for science and learning which has grown apace in America, and which makes men of intellectual tastes prefer a life of letters with poverty to success in business or at the bar.

Though I would avoid personalities, it is but just to note that the man perhaps most prominently put forward for the Presidency of the United States received the greatest part of his early training in the graduate school which Mr. Benedict has had most opportunity to observe. "Of thorns men do not gather figs, neither of a bramble bush gather they grapes."

SAMUEL C. CHEW, JR.

Baltimore, Md., January 20.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The "Undergraduate View" of the profession of teaching, presented in your issue of January 18, must no doubt receive its most important correction, if at all, from those outside that profession. But concerning one of its elements, the conception of scholarly research as opposed to altruism, testimony may be accepted from a high authority on ethics; and the opportunity may be welcomed of recalling to mind the following memorable passage from the chapter on Self-Sacrifice in Prof. George Herbert Palmer's work on "The Nature of Goodness":

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Perhaps the most admirable case of self-sacrifice is that in which no single person appears who is profited by our loss. The scholar, the artist, the scientific man dedicate themselves to the interests of undifferentiated humanity. They serve their undecipherable race, not knowing who will obtain gains through their toils. In their sublime benefactions they study the wants of no individual person, not even of themselves. Yet, turn to a man of this type and try to call his attention to the privations he endures, and what will be his answer? "I have no coat? I have no dinner? I have little money? People do not honor me as they honor others? Yes, I believe I lack these trifles. But think what I possess! This great subject; or rather, it possesses me. And it shall have of me whatever it requires." In such service of the absolute is found the highest expression of self-sacrifice, of social service, of self-realization. R. M. A.

University of Illinois, January 23.

MUNICIPAL REFERENCE LIBRARIES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In commenting editorially on the plan to establish a civics or municipal reference library in the city of Chicago, the *Nation* of December 28 gave publicity of the right sort to a subject that should be brought more forcibly to the attention of enterprising citizens than has heretofore been the case.

Such a library, as the *Nation* suggests, is the municipal counterpart of the legislative reference library now found in nearly one-half of our State capitals. It aims primarily to supply to city officials in their various capacities the most scientific and authoritative treatises on all phases of municipal administration, whether involving executive, legislative, or judicial functions, or the establishment of a garbage reduction plant which shall bring in revenue by producing a marketable by-product of the reduction process. To this library should come any officer or employee of the city, confident that there he will find the published experience of others who have earlier faced and solved the problems that now confront him.

Municipal administrative problems of all types have for some time been receiving almost as close attention in legislative reference libraries as have the problems of State management, on the principle that the successful administration of a part is essential to the success of the whole, and that State officers are the servants of all the citizens. In some cases this has been done under legal authorization, as in California, in others by the broad interpretation of general powers and duties, as in New York. Progressive city libraries have also undertaken this work in many instances without applying the name "municipal reference" to it. Further, at least two of our State universities are acquiring good working libraries, and will render public service in connection with their municipal research bureaus. Public institutions of this kind, administered from a purely non-partisan, non-political, and strictly scientific point of view, make unnecessary any similar privately-managed bureau, such as is found in some of our municipalities.

In adopting this plan Chicago will be following Baltimore, Milwaukee, and St. Louis, but will no doubt attempt the work on a somewhat larger scale than any of them, and will be preceding—if the plan matures immediately—Cleveland, Pittsburgh, and New York in furnishing another example of the principal tendency in modern library extension, a tendency towards specialized service rendered for the public good.

In saying that Chicago is planning an adaptation of the "Wisconsin Legislative Bureau" the *Nation* permits the impression, now widespread, that the idea of a legislative reference bureau originated at Madison. That bureau has won for itself many deserved honors, and can well spare to its sister bureau at Albany the correct distinction of having inaugurated this work ten years before it was undertaken in Wisconsin. John Boynton Kaiser.

Urbana, Ill., January 24.

"NAKED-AS-A-JAY."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The expression of "Naked-as-a-jay" for négligé, which your reviewer of "Mis' Beauty" (*Nation*, January 11) doubts to be a genuine negro folk etymology, is a true one. I have myself heard it in Baltimore on a trolley car.

Can you pardon another of the same type?

Mr. Washington: I's powerful glad to see you, Mr. Jones. You's still on terra cotta, I see.

Mr. Jones: Yes, Mister Washington, I's still on terra cotta.

This, quite as difficult to believe, was overheard by the writer standing on the steps of MacCoy Hall, Johns Hopkins University.

Oscar Woodward Zeigler.

All Faith Rectory, St. Mary's Co., Md., January 22.

ST. BERNARD AND NATURE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In a prominent academic Quarterly a recent reviewer of Henry Osborn Taylor's book, "The Mediæval Mind," quotes the author's phrase: "St. Bernard, whose meditations shut his eyes to mountains, lakes, and woods," and comments thus:

> This does scant justice to him who anticipated a famous sentiment of Shakespeare and Wordsworth, in the following words (Epist. 106): "Experto crede: aliquid amplius invenies in silvis quam in libris; ligna et lapides docebunt te quod a magistris audire non possis."

This is not the first time these words have been innocently used to prove the love of nature in the masterful and mystic ascetic who dictated them. They are alluring: "Thou wilt find something more in forests than in books; trees and rocks will teach thee. . . ." If we choose to regard merely their apparent meaning apart from the context, and apart, one may add, from the mind and temper of Bernard, they may seem to voice sentiments not unlike those of the exiled Duke or even the Lake Poet.

But first, as to the context. Bernard's letter was written to persuade a friend to embrace the monastic life. Its arguments speak the language of Scriptural allegory further amplified in Bernard's allegorizing style. The saint has been making the point that his friend should follow Christ, rather than read about Him in the prefigurings of the Prophets:

> For now He is come out from His hiding-place among the prophets, . . . now from the dark and shadowy mountain, as a bridegroom from his chamber, He has leapt forth into the Gospel's open ground.

The "trees" and "rocks" had scarcely more concrete existence in the saint's mind than the above palpable figures. One should not take a single sentence out of its allegorical context, and accept it literally because the literal meaning happens to suit more modern sentiments, which had no place in Bernard's ascetic mind.

Moreover, it is easy to show that St. Bernard had no eye for nature, or, indeed, for anything delightful to the senses. One can find the evidence in the second chapter of Abbé Vacandard's excellent "Vie de Saint Bernard." The abbé gives in a note the passage quoted by the reviewer of Mr. Taylor's book, and then another from the old Latin "Vita," in which the saint says to his companions that he gained his best understanding of Scripture by prayer and meditation *in silvis et in agris*, where, he added with a smile, he had no masters except the oaks and beeches. This is just what he was conveying in the letter to his friend, that his friend also should reach Christ by prayer and meditation, rather than by listening to masters or reading many books.

The error in which the reviewer seems to have fallen illustrates the perils besetting the interpreters of what is written in another age by men with mental habits differing from our own; for their words often do not mean what we should mean using the same phrases. J. H.

New York, January 26.

Literature

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

The Relations of the United States and Spain: The Spanish-American War. By French Ensor Chadwick. 2 vols. With maps. Charles Scribner's Sons. $7 net.

Rear-Admiral Chadwick completes his great work on Spanish-American relations with two volumes on the war. The same clarity with which he followed the diplomatic coils of a century prevails in the narrower field. Based mostly on official records, which are profusely quoted, and containing as well the valuable residuum of the newspaper accounts, it keeps the means of control ever present without impairing the readable quality of the narrative. Admiral Chadwick is impartial and objective, yet always interesting. His pages are generally written with such force and dignity that the recurring solecism laid (for lay) is doubly unfortunate. Such slips should not escape the proof-readers. On the whole, this book makes the widest appeal and is of enduring value. It will long preserve the memory of the gallant author who was himself a great part of the events he so modestly and judiciously describes.

No exhaustive review of this great work is possible, but a few general considerations may be raised. The military problem involved in the war is

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this: How could and did an immensely rich republic, with only a rudimentary army and half a navy, respond to the emergency of an oversea war? The demonstration is something less than satisfactory because the foe was Spain, save for courage, pitifully weak in all the requirements of warfare. The military analysis of the war implies a constant comparison between the army and navy. Hence we should hasten to show that the parallel is fair and in neither instance invidious. Both services, but the army more, worked under appalling disadvantages. To difficult tasks of fleet action, bombardment, and blockade, the navy sent heterogeneous squadrons under commanders who had never conducted squadron manœuvres under modern conditions. But the navy had the advantage of a strong centralized control at Washington, of highly trained officers, and of well disciplined crews practiced in the indispensable exercise of target shooting. The army, on the contrary, suffered under divided control at Washington, with a grossly incompetent Secretary of War; the training of the officers had been at best limited to regimental routine; only a fraction of the enlisted men knew the duties of a soldier. Under these conditions it is highly creditable to the army that in courage and enterprise among the line officers and men an absolute parity existed with the navy. The navy indulged constantly such gallant follies as shelling trenches from torpedo craft, and the army loved such useless perils as those of El Caney. If in Winslow's grappling the cables under the guns of Cienfuegos and Hobson's sinking the Merrimac the navy scored the most conspicuous feats of personal gallantry, the army merely lacked similar opportunities. And, equally, neither service is quite free from reproach. Against Commodore Schley's amazing and inexplicable delay in proceeding from Cienfuegos to the blockade of Santiago, we must set the deplorable "round robin" to Washington calling for a retreat from Santiago. Regular army officers may disclaim complete responsibility for this unhappy document by insisting that it arose in the overheated imagination of an erratic officer of volunteers.

The difference between the two services was that, while the navy had abundance of brains in high command, the army had not. To follow up this theme would be both indiscreet and superfluous. We need only note the contrast between the haphazard, undirected attack on Santiago on land and the extraordinary blockade Sampson was simultaneously conducting. The unfortunate Shafter not merely had no plans, but also, while ignoring Sampson's correct plan of seizing the coast defences at the mouth of the harbor, embarrassed the navy by inconsiderate demands, and the War Department by unreasonable alarms. Gen. Shafter was more a victim than an offender; but his case cannot be too emphatically cited as an instance of the danger of high command awarded for political and personal cause. Although he rejected Sampson's sensible scheme for the joint reduction of San Juan, Gen. Miles conducted a correct miniature campaign in Porto Rico, and did something to show that the art of strategics was not wholly disused in America. Gen. Greene accomplished at Manila a function chiefly diplomatic with tact and energy. But in the main the war was a striking demonstration that no effective army existed among us, though there were excellent regiments, and that it was impossible to improvise within a few months a force having the coherence and discipline of a real army. Moreover, the war showed that the morale and efficiency of the generals had been sapped by the wrong kind of experience in post or behind desk. In this regard we were no better off in 1898 than we had been in 1861. Probably the need would gradually have produced the supply; but, meanwhile, had we been operating against a third-class Power of the slightest military capacity, we should have met with initial disaster. The check of Italy in Tripoli is a slight indication of the certain humiliation that awaited us had we faced troops capable of assuming an intelligent aggressive. This unpalatable fact cannot be brought home too strongly, since nearly all the vices of organization, appointment, and promotion that crippled the army of 1898 are still intrenched to-day, and the nation and Congress and even certain high army officers seem quite comfortable in the conviction that, after all, the army somehow muddles through. Sometimes badly led armies do, but at fearful cost, as the British in South Africa; and sometimes they do not, as the French in 1870. In quitting this subject we wish to say that the fault for what was and what is amiss with the army lies almost wholly with Congress and the people. We have nothing but respect and admiration for those officers who bravely and uncomplainingly served, though hampered as to supplies, reasonable security and dignity, and right opportunity for higher military education. The credit for what was well done in the late war goes to the officers of the line; the discredit for what was ill done we must all share. At least it was shown that years of peace had done nothing to sap the courage of our regimental officers and privates. Whatever our blundering on the offensive, the answer was emphatically given to the European scoff that, become a mongrel people, we were no longer capable of the courage and loyalty that make armies formidable.

With grave deficiencies of material, the navy did admirably the work lying before it. Dewey's swift annihilation of the Spanish fleet in Subig Bay, Admiral Chadwick shows, is as unduly depreciated now as it was over-exalted then. Sampson's blockade off Santiago will become classic in naval annals, and the running fight with Cervera was, even with the Brooklyn's famous loop, which has been discussed beyond its importance, nearly letter-perfect. In the light of what we now know, the scouting in the North Atlantic and the bombardment of San Juan were ill-advised and wasteful. Against these errors may be set the Oregon's remarkable run from the Pacific, and a number of minor brilliant engagements, some characterized by too great hardihood. Even more than by its specific accomplishment, the navy shone through its intellectual initiative. Much of the best information service ashore was done by naval officers of Lieut. Blue's type. Sampson's plan for enfilading the shore defences of Havana from the sea, and thus hastening a conclusion, was probably feasible. It was Sampson who vainly poured into Shafter's sick ears the real strategy of the Santiago campaign—first to reduce the sea batteries. Yet the information service of the navy utterly failed at the most critical times. The torpedo-boat Porter, detailed to detect Cervera in the Caribbean, learned of his presence there three and a half days after the news was common knowledge in New York. It was four days after Cervera entered the port of Santiago that explicit orders to blockade him reached Schley at Cienfuegos, and though the distance is only three hundred and fifteen nautical miles, it was nearly six days more before Schley actually began the blockade. We wish to put no unkind or sinister interpretation upon these facts, but they suggest a combination of bad luck, bad judgment, and lack of enterprise that in the presence of a formidable foe would have been disastrous. Since then wireless telegraphy has revolutionized naval scouting, but it remains one of the most important branches of the service, and it still is the most neglected in our navy. In fact, the naval lessons of the war with Spain have been studiously neglected, and instead of learning what was then and still should be the real strength of our navy, we have been heedlessly dragged into the prevailing costly fashion of building dreadnoughts at the expense of a well-balanced defensive fleet.

From the purely military standpoint Sampson is unquestionably the single great figure of the war. Subject to all manner of mischance and even abuse, unfairly thwarted both of the enjoyment and of the tangible rewards of his remarkable success, his place among the great admirals is already secure. He was the pioneer admiral of the era of smokeless powder and long-range guns. as Togo is the pioneer admiral of the

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era of wireless telegraphy. Yet the personal hero of the war is no American, but Cervera, and with him his captains. With imperturbable dignity and sagacity he set himself against the *pundonor* that required the wanton sacrifice of the Spanish navy, and when he saw that folly reigned, he consented to be its victim with magnanimous alacrity. In debate and in submission he was perfectly disinterested, completely tactful, wholly magnanimous. And his commanders seem to have been worthy of such a chief. The records of their councils show them accomplished officers and strategists. Had their Government given them coal and ammunition for practice, a very different account would have been rendered of this naval forlorn hope. Admiral Chadwick's pages are nowhere finer than when he is revealing the mind of Sampson, whose flag captain he was, and the heart of Cervera.

Upon the diplomatic sequel of the war, which is fully related by our author, we do not wish to dwell. There is some humiliation in passing from these memories of the two admirals to President McKinley's handling of the peace negotiations. His charge to the Paris commissioners was a classic instance of the McKinleyan dialectic. It asserted, in substance, that while the United States had acted and continued to act from the highest and most disinterested motives, it held itself free to take any course that its interest might dictate. From that ambiguous word the rest naturally followed. The actual demand for the Philippine Islands rested upon a widespread sense that they were very valuable. It was this sentiment that President McKinley voiced without prejudice of his altruistic standards. But in fairness it should be added that there was a general muddled sense that we had incurred some sort of a moral responsibility in the premises. In vain Judge Gray of the Peace Commission cabled to Washington the hard sense and sound morals of the matter: "Attacked Manila as part of legitimate war against Spain. If we had captured Cadiz and Carlists had helped us, would not owe duty to stay by them at conclusion of the war. On contrary, interest and duty would require us to abandon both Manila and Cadiz." These words still constitute a meritorious document in ethical analysis; the country at the moment desired morals not much, and analysis not at all.

Of this last rather sordid stage of the century-long contention between the United States and Spain, Admiral Chadwick, believing the outcome to be providential, is the chronicler rather than the judge. And, in fact, the crises of the war and its immediate antecedents fell not under the jurisdiction of policy of any sort, but under the sway of popular passion. And this is true of both nations. It was public opinion inflamed by the yellow press that made President McKinley omit the last efforts to preserve peace. It was the cheering of Western crowds that made the mildest of men the initiator of over-sea empire. It was public opinion that required the futile voyage of Cervera's fleet and its ultimate sacrifice. There is no more pathetic reading than the dispatches of the commanders at Santiago and Manila, caught between the prospect of hopeless combat and the certainty of unmerited disgrace at home. It was in deference to public opinion that the Spanish Ministry offered Cervera ships that were not afloat and supplies that did not exist. When one reads this grotesque correspondence and recalls the general dealings of Spain with her unsupported champions, the cynical conviction imposes itself that, while we sometimes treated her less than handsomely, her whole record as regards us entitled her to no better treatment than she got. There remains the question whether strong leadership, at the beginning and end of the war, might not have controlled public opinion in America. Since such leadership failed, let us pass to the broader issue, whether in this day of journalism and democracy wars can still be declared for policy and conducted by the rules regardless of press and people. At first blush one is tempted to believe that the old-fashioned statesmanship and generalship are become obsolete, both yielding to the politician and newspaper proprietor. Yet certain conditions of national discipline seem still to permit the untrammelled sway of statesmen and great military leaders. One must not forget Japan. It would be obviously inexpedient to inquire whether her success in conducting from above tremendous military and naval campaigns indicates a more advanced or a more backward civilization than our own. May such digressions testify to the stimulus your reviewer has found in reading Admiral Chadwick's masterly history.

CURRENT FICTION.

A Question of Latitude. By Laura P. Luffman. New York: John Lane Co.

Imagine a sort of Anglicized and expurgated version of "The Virginian," told from the point of view of the cultivated heroine; the scene laid in Australia, the hero a young sheep-drover, the heroine an English girl of aristocratic breeding visiting Australian relatives. The story relates with rather wearisome detail Millicent Mainwaring's painful experiences in the vulgar suburb of Melbourne, where her relatives live, and her gradual reconciliation to her new surroundings. Of course, she has a well-born and highly educated English lover, and, of course, she learns to perceive the superiority of the athletic sheep-drover, who has, however, something in the way he wears evening clothes which suggests the prince in disguise. To show that though a diamond, he is in the rough, the author makes him tell the heroine that she is "beastly selfish." He does not tell her what is quite as true, that she is a hopeless prig; perhaps because he is something of a prig himself. After the marriage, Millicent discovers that he is really a wealthy ranchman, of excellent family and irreproachable English connections. The most interesting people in the story are the Australian relatives, but this is not high praise.

The Quest of the Silver Fleece. By W. E. Burghardt Du Bois. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

The writer of this book has made himself generally known as, but for Booker T. Washington, the most prominent champion of his race in America. Himself a man of cultivation and achievement, he passionately desires that his fellows may all have an equal opportunity to rise. And while Mr. Washington has adopted the working principle that the education of the negro should proceed, in the main, along industrial lines, Mr. Du Bois resents the implication that any special principle of the sort need be regarded. The chief scene of the present story is the neighborhood of a school for negroes in Alabama, which has been carried on for many years by a Northern woman, in spite of the opposition of the whites of the region. The school is planned like one for Northern white children, without special industrial features, and depends for its support on chance gifts. To this school comes a Northern girl, not by choice, but because she has prepared herself to teach, and this is the only position she can get. Her brother is interested in cotton, and instructs her to study the conditions in the vicinity of the school. She finds that these conditions depend chiefly on the will of a single planter, Col. Cresswell, a Southern gentleman of the old school, who, though relatively impoverished by the war, still owns the whole countryside, and holds his negro tenants in a state of virtual peonage. His son, Harry Cresswell, is a Southern villain, also of the old school, polished in manner, but a drunkard, a liar, and a libertine. No girl among the tenants is safe from him. Among his victims is a beautiful mulatto name Zora, whose mother is a witch and a procuress. Supply an honest young negro to fall in love with her, and you have all the elements of popular melodrama. The Silver Fleece is cotton, and the action involves a great cotton "combine," which enriches the Cresswells without in any way improving the position of their negro dependants. The young man in love with Zora presently leaves the school to go to Washington, and only fails to be made Treasurer of the United States in

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the course of a year because he cannot tell a lie. This is hardly a less credible incident than the death-bed repentance of the colonel, and his endowment of the negro school with the greater part of his fortune.

We must suppose that when the author says he has set down nothing the counterpart of which he has not seen or known, he is thinking of his picture of the lamentable estate of the Southern negro laborer to-day. He wished to write a sort of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to date, and he shows us a black man little better off than the black men of Mrs. Stowe, and a white man little more decent than the race of oppressors she made abhorrent to the world sixty years ago. We rub our eyes at the helplessness and depravity here pictured. Can these things be true in the representative sense Mr. Du Bois attaches to them? There is no doubting the sincerity of his belief that they are so, as witness the petition with which the book closes:

L'ENVOI.

Lend me thine ears, O God the Reader, whose Fathers aforetime sent mine down into the land of Egypt, into this House of Bondage. Lay not these words aside for a moment's phantasy, but lift up thine eyes upon the Horror in this land;—the maiming and the mocking and murdering of my people, and the prisonment of their souls. Let my people go, O Infinite One, lest the world shudder at

THE END.

The Man in the Shadow. By Richard Washburn Child. New York: The Macmillan Co.

It is a pleasure to come across a volume of stories so wholesome and really alive as these. To escape from divorce and the eternal triangle is much; to become acquainted with a group of sensible, brave, and interesting people is far more. If one were asked to recommend to an intelligent foreigner a book of stories which would give him a just impression of American life and ideals, one could scarcely do better than direct him to "The Man in the Shadow." The tales are not sectional or provincial in spirit; they are "all-American." They do not look backward to a past or passing era; they are genuinely, though not aggressively or slangily, of the present. Like Mr. Child's longer story, "Jim Hands," they show us young America at its sound and delightful best. Not, of course, that they all deal with young people; but they are filled with the spirit of youth—the spirit of hopefulness, of faith in humanity, above all, of courage.

At times the stories recall by their merits the work of Mr. Kipling; for instance, "Shark," a tale of the West Indian seas, and "The White Hand," which centres upon the building of a great dam in Dakota. But from the cheap cynicism and sentimentalized brutality which mar some of Mr. Kipling's work they are entirely free. Many of them are intensely dramatic, but none is finer than the simple and restrained little story called "Service." This and the title-piece are perhaps the strongest in the volume. Occasionally in some of the tales the diction is a little overstrained: but at their best they are as sound and fine in workmanship as in substance.

PROFESSOR MACKAIL'S ESSAYS.

Lectures on Poetry. By J. W. Mackail. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3 net.

We have followed the career of Mr. Mackail—what lover of letters has not?—with extreme interest from the first publication of his "Epigrams from the Greek Anthology" to this present volume, which marks the close of his tenure for five years of the professorship of poetry at Oxford. He has written much that is graceful and much that is penetrating, if not profound; from the first he has been the accepted representative of what since Pater's day has come to be recognized as the peculiarly Oxford spirit in *belles lettres*. The little history of Latin Literature, which to our taste remains the finest product of his pen, was to have been the work of his master, Professor Sellar, himself a follower of Pater, and it shows the strong infiltration of Pater's manner through that intermediary. Mr. Mackail exhibits all the charms of that influence, but he exhibits also the ever-increasing languor and sterility of a movement that was pointed away from the promise of life. The world has moved since Pater's day; the forced æstheticism of his philosophy begins to exhale heavy odors; there is not life here, but death. Mr. Mackail clings to the old manner, and it is not without significance that his work, particularly in the three volumes of his Oxford professorship, has become gradually less vital, more anæmic (shall we say?), more artificially imitative of thought. "The Springs of Helicon" (1909) was incisive, for the most part sound, and not without sturdiness of ideas. "Lectures on Greek Poetry" (1910) was brilliant in places, but essentially unsound in its assimilation of the classical muse with the mistress of Morris and Swinburne and Rossetti. Of the present volume it would be uncritical to say that it has not many excellent and charming pages, but it would be equally uncritical not to admit that something approaching futility is the final impression.

This may seem rather sweeping condemnation of work which has shown so many eminent distinctions as Mr. Mackail's; it is, indeed, justified only on the principle of *corruptio optimi pessima*. Nor is the present volume lacking in notable sections. The chapter on Virgil and Virgilianism, in its erudite yet human study of the movement to which Virgil's minor poems belong, recalls the measured and weighty charm of the "Latin Literature." The chapter also on Shakespeare's Sonnets is distinguished for its sane treatment of an unduly perplexed subject. One passage from this chapter we may quote as an illustration of Mr. Mackail at his best:

Of Shakespeare's sonnets at least, in this respect, the best word that has been said, if not the last word that can be said, is in the line and a half of Sophocles prefixed by Francis Palgrave to his edition more than forty years ago:

ὦ θεοί, τίς ἄρα κύπρις ἢ τίς ἵμερος
τοῦδε ξυνήψατο;

The words, like all Sophocles at his finest, are untranslatable: and like Sophocles at his most characteristic, where he goes to the very heart and centre of life, they have two qualities: first, that they are extraordinarily simple and direct; and secondly, that they settle upon the note of wonder, the endless and fathomless miracle of existence; not explaining, not passing judgment, but seeing the wonder of life with that clear and yet impassioned vision which is the last reward that life has to give.

We see here, no doubt, the blending of classical and romantic literatures, which in its upshot is really a betrayal of the classical. Mr. Mackail makes no distinction between the wonder of revery which is preëminent in the romantic poets, and the reasoned wonder which prevails in the classical poets, and, fundamentally, in Shakespeare. Nevertheless, we understand perfectly well the romantic notion of wonder which Mr. Mackail here has in mind; his own principle of taste is definite in conception and is expressed with restraint and charm. Unfortunately, he does not always express himself with this measure, nor does the main thesis of his book convey a quite definite idea of any sort. He writes on a variety of themes from Arabic poetry to Keats, but throughout he has one intention, to define poetry itself and to show its indefectible power through the ages; and it is just in this central purpose that the fault of his method becomes most conspicuous. At bottom it is the purely emotional and elusive in poetry that attracts him. "Criticism," he asserts, "in its true sense, is simply appreciation"; that is to say it is not fundamentally an exercise of judgment, but an attempt to surrender one's self to the mood of the poet, and to make admiration synonymous with wonder. Thus, "when we criticise 'Endymion,' when we discriminate in it between what is good and what is not good, or what is frankly bad, we run the risk of falling into just the mistake that Keats himself had the genius and the insight to avoid"—a statement, by the way, which is as false to the self-critical genius of Keats as it is to the critical spirit in general. When Mr. Mackail

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attempts to combine his taste for the purely emotional and elusive with a logical definition of poetry, the result is too often the mere repetition of the commonplace in language which has the effect of a kind of sentimental obscurantism. For instance, he would combine Taine's sharp conception of poetry with the romantic conception of inspiration; this is the result:

> All poetry is the projection on a visible plane of a vast and exceedingly complex mass of poetical tendencies and potentialities. It is a living organism with powers of absorption, assimilation, reconstitution.

A commonplace has not often been involved in a vaguer combination of scientific and romantic terms. At bottom Mr. Mackail is here not concerned with the simple idea that the character of poetry at any given time is influenced by a mass of complex forces and that this character changes with the times; his real concern is to envelop this commonplace in a misty atmosphere of wonder. In the end, when the procedure is known, its repetition grows tedious and irritating.

There is a ferment of ideas now at work in Paris and Germany. The old romantic philosophy has on the one hand been carried to its logical limits by Bergson and his kind; on the other hand are arrayed those who, in divers ways and often blindly, are seeking a new basis of stability amid the flux. The movement may reach England in ten years and America in twenty. Meanwhile, there are those in our own universities, as well as at Oxford, who are troubled by certain practical implications of the romantic philosophy, yet fear that a break with the romantic tradition of literature will mean a relapse into the dryness of the pseudo- or neo-classic literature of the eighteenth century. In this dilemma they endeavor to isolate the literature of the past century from the whole movement of philosophy and life of which it was a part, and deal with its imaginative elements æsthetically, as characteristic indiscriminately of classical and romantic and all true poetry. To this effort to treat literature *in vacuo*, so to speak, yet with a strong romantic bias, Mr. Mackail's later work belongs, despite his vague definition of poetry as a "living organism" moving with the *élan vital* from stage to stage of progress.

A Retrospect of Forty Years, 1825-1865. By William Allen Butler. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

There can be disappointment even in a charming book. We pick up the memoirs of the man who wrote "Nothing to Wear" in full expectation of seeing reconstructed before our eyes the New York in which Miss Flora M'Flimsey had her being. We find very little specific information upon the city of three-quarters of a century ago, geographic, historic, or social. We must be content with a brief sketch of Broadway in 1834 when the Battery was still the hotel centre and fashion held forth south of City Hall Park, and with random topographical references of half a generation later, when society had established itself in the region between Washington and Madison Squares. Our disappointment arises from precisely that point of view against which Mr. Butler whimsically protests. He fails to see why, after a busy and successful legal career, a profession of which he was exceedingly fond, his reputation should be made to depend upon a random piece of society verse tossed off in an idle hour. The writer of the present memoirs was a gifted amateur, but his book is almost devoid of the deadly literary prattle in which the amateur abounds.

Outside of his profession, Mr. Butler's interests seem to have centred in the field of broad national politics, and we get from his hand several chapters of readable comment on the rise and progress of the anti-slavery movement, with which he was heartily in accord; readable chapters, but covering ground that is familiar enough. When a boy the author had made the voyage to Europe. He went a second time in 1847, and gives us a brief but spirited account of his travels, done in the clear, terse, unaffected manner that marks the book throughout. He met Lord Macaulay and "listened in breathless silence while he gave a monologue on the Temple and the Rules of the Order." Other great figures of the day are sketched in a happy sentence or two. We speak of this European narrative because it throws the personality of our writer into characteristic relief—an active, somewhat self-contained, but sympathetic man of fine intelligence, unpretending but far from commonplace, with a pretty gift of quiet humor. As we put the book aside we find that, after all, we have had our picture of ante-bellum days in New York, painted not directly, but impressionistically, through the revelation of an attractive character whom we are tempted to regard as a type of the finest citizenship in the metropolis of fifty years ago. The memoirs, which cover only the first forty years of a life that ran to nearly twice that length (1825-1902), were written in 1899.

The Swedish Settlements on the Delaware. By Amandus Johnson, Ph.D. University of Pennsylvania. 2 vols. $6 net.

With most students of American history, we fancy, acquaintance with the annals of the colony of New Sweden has hitherto gone no further than the chapter which Gregory B. Keen contributed twenty-five years ago to Winsor's "Narrative and Critical History of America," the papers edited by Fernow in Vol. XII of the "Documents Relating to the Colonial History of the State of New York," and, for the period of beginnings in Sweden, Dr. J. F. Jameson's monograph on William Usselinx. To this short, but fairly satisfactory, list are now to be added the two substantial volumes by Dr. Johnson, forming the latest issue in the Americana Germanica series, published by the University of Pennsylvania. For a colony which existed but twenty-six years before it was ingloriously absorbed by the Dutch of New Netherland, 670 pages of text, weighted with footnotes and authorities, besides more than 200 pages of appendices and index, may seem an excessive allotment. Certainly, were any considerable portion of our colonial period to be treated on such a scale, "the world itself could not contain the books that should be written." As a piece of historical research, however, these volumes have to the full the merit of definitiveness. If there are any sources, printed or manuscript, which the author has not examined, they are unknown to the present reviewer; nor is it likely that the task will ever have to be done again.

Dr. Johnson begins with a survey, concise but sufficient, of the political, social, and religious conditions in Sweden from 1611 to 1660; and of the growth of industry and commerce, together with the activities of various trading companies, during the same period. The history of the New Sweden Company falls into three periods. The first, covering the years from 1637 to 1642, saw the establishment of the colony under Peter Minuit, with Dutch aid; the buying out of the Dutch stockholders by the Swedes, and the dispatch of four expeditions to America. In 1642 the company was reorganized, and in the course of the next seven years five more expeditions were sent out, the members of the last of which were fated to endure much suffering at the hands of the Spaniards. Two more expeditions were sent in 1653 and 1654. Then came the Dutch conquest under Stuyvesant, a reorganization of the company in 1654-55, the twelfth and last expedition in 1655-56, and the unsuccessful efforts of Sweden, not remitted until 1673, to recover its lost province.

The chronological course of the narrative is supplemented by interesting accounts of the life of the colonists, their relations with the Indians, the English, and the Dutch, and the attempts to build up a permanent and lucrative trade. Four chapters on the tobacco trade of New Sweden, under the third period of the company, should be specially noted. Appendices give brief biographies of leaders of the enterprise, some of the material of which might better, we think, have found place in the text; lists of officers, soldiers, servants,

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and settlers in New Sweden; texts and translations of a number of important documents; and a bibliography. There is an exhaustive index. The numerous illustrations, including reproductions of contemporary maps and documents, are well executed, and the mechanical make-up of the volumes is sumptuous.

War and Other Essays. By William G. Sumner. Edited with Notes by A. G. Keller. New Haven: Yale University Press. $2.25 net.

It could not be said of many great scholars that their brief essays were more characteristic of them than their books. Yet this statement is made in regard to Sumner by Professor Keller, in his introduction to this posthumous collection of essays. The reasons for it are simple. Sumner was, above all else, a teacher, and in the stress and arduous duties of his academic life, he could not find consecutive leisure to give to his longer works the completeness, dash, and finish which mark his lectures and essays. That the essays here gathered together are, in fact, characteristic of the great thinker, is in itself a sufficiently high recommendation, and those who are familiar with his work would hardly ask for more. The present volume includes seventeen of the most brilliant of his briefer contributions, all of which have been previously published in some form. They are prefaced by a clarifying and sympathetic introduction, and supplemented by a complete bibliography of Sumner's writings. A good frontispiece portrays the author as he was in his prime.

The title essay is a clear, incisive, level-headed examination into the rôle which war has played in the development of civilization and the advancement of the human race. A few extracts from this masterpiece, published for the first time in the opening number of the new *Yale Review* last autumn, will not only give a concise statement of the author's views on war, but will serve to illustrate the style of diction in which the essays are written, and the type of thought which distinguishes them all:

We find, then, that in the past, as a matter of fact, war has played a great part in the irrational nature-process by which things have come to pass. But the nature-processes are frightful. . . . If we are terrified at the nature-processes, there is only one way to escape them; it is the way by which men have always evaded them to some extent; it is by knowledge, by rational methods, and by the arts. . . . Shall any statesman, therefore, ever dare to say that it would be well, at a given moment, to have a war, lest the nation fall into the vices of industrialism and the evils of peace? The answer is plainly: No! War is never a handy remedy, which can be taken up and applied by routine rule. No war which can be avoided is just to the people who have to carry it on, to say nothing of the enemy. . . . There is no state of readiness for war; the notion calls for never-ending sacrifices. . . . A wiser rule would be to make up your mind soberly what you want, peace or war, and then to get ready for what you want; for what we prepare for is what we shall get.

This book offers a fund of enjoyment and enlightenment to any sober-minded and intelligent reader. But there are two classes of persons who will especially profit by its perusal. These are the sociologist and the statesman or constructive politician; for Professor Sumner was both of these. The essay on sociology might well stand as the introductory chapter to any thoughtful treatise on the subject, while "The Family and Social Change," "The Status of Woman," "Witchcraft," "Religion and the Mores," and "The Mores of the Present and Future," are fine types of detailed sociological investigation. The essays on "The Absurd Effort to Make the World Over," "State Interference," "The Forgotten Man," and "Do We Want Industrial Peace?" are keen attacks upon the weak points of socialism, the last-named being of especial interest when read in connection with the essay on war. The wave of imperialism which swept the country in the last years of the nineteenth century inspired the essays on "The Proposed Dual Organization of Mankind," "The Fallacy of Territorial Extension," "The Conquest of the United States by Spain," and "The Predominant Issue." The last of the essays, in point of arrangement, "Our Colleges before the Country," was one of the first in point of composition, and stands by itself, being an attack on the privileged position of the classics in college curricula, written at a time when those studies were much more firmly intrenched in that position than they are now.

Notes

"Intimacies of Court and Society," by the widow of an American diplomat, is announced by Dodd, Mead & Co.

The publication of a limited edition of "The Colonial Homes of Philadelphia and its Neighbourhood," by Harold Donaldson Eberlein and Horace Mather Lippincott, is contemplated by J. B. Lippincott Co.

"The Works of Thomas Deloney," edited with introduction and notes by F. O. Mann, are about to be added to the Oxford English Texts (Frowde).

D. C. Heath & Co. will issue Molière's "Le Médecin malgré lui," edited with notes and vocabulary by Dr. R. L. Hawkins, and Hebbel's "Agnes Bernauer," edited with introduction and notes by Prof. B. M. Evans.

Prof. Oliver Morton Dickerson is publishing, through the Arthur H. Clarke Co. of Cleveland, "American Colonial Government, 1696—1765: a study of the British Board of Trade in its relation to the American Colonies, political, industrial, administrative."

John Spargo's "Applied Socialism" and Gilbert E. Roe's "Our Judicial Oligarchy" are in the list of B. W. Huebsch.

Doubleday, Page & Co. have in the press "Many Celebrities and a Few Others," by William H. Rideing.

The Putnams have in preparation: "In the Amazon Jungle," by Algot Lange; "Outdoor Philosophy," by Stanton D. Kirkham; "Human Efficiency," by Horatio Dresser; "Astrology and Religion Among the Greeks and Romans," by Franz Cumont; "Grammar and Thinking," by Alfred Dwight Sheffield, and "The Religious Experience of St. Paul," by Percy Gardner.

The same house, as American representatives of the Cambridge University Press, announces: "Lyrical Forms in English," edited with introduction and notes by Norman Hepple; "Nathan der Weise," edited by J. G. Robertson; "Stories from Chaucer," retold from "The Canterbury Tales," with introduction and notes by Margaret C. Macaulay; "The Sufficiency and Defects of the English Commission Office," by A. G. Walpole Sayer, and "The Abbot's House at Westminster," by J. Armitage Robinson.

Messrs. Longmans are bringing out "A Peasant Sage of Japan," translated from the Hotokuki by Tadasu Yoshimoto, with an introduction by Dr. J. Estlin Carpenter. The book recounts the long labors for social reform of Sontoku Ninomiya, who died in 1856.

The Scottish Text Society proposes to issue during 1912 "Abbregement of Roland Furious," by James Stewart of Baldinnes, prepared from the manuscript in the Advocates' Library by Thomas Crockett; "John of Ireland"; "Bibliography of Middle Scots Poetry," compiled by William Geddie; an edition of the Makculloch and Gray manuscripts, by George Stevenson, and the third volume of Gregory Smith's "Henryson."

Maeterlinck has created a prize of 16,000 francs, said to be derived chiefly from the money which he received from the Nobel award, to be given every two years to the author of the most remarkable book published in the French language.

With the January number, just issued, the *South Atlantic Quarterly* celebrates its tenth anniversary. The journal was founded "to furnish the young writers of the South a medium for the publication of their work," and thus to forward "the interests of Southern literature and scholarship." But it has kept free from the narrower sectionalism, its columns being open to writers from all parts of the country, and it is to-day one of the few journals in which vital subjects can be treated seriously and without some yielding to the popular clamor for superficial interest. In its present number Dr. Philip Alexander Bruce considers the question, "Was Poe a Drunkard?"; Prof. Edward Raymond Turner deals with "The Morocco Crisis of 1911." "William Tecumseh Sherman as College President," by Prof. Walter F. Fleming; "Lee and Psychography," by Gamaliel Bradford, jr.; "William Pitt and His Recent Critics," by Dr. William T. Laprade; "The Autobiography of Richard Wagner," by Prof.

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William H. Wannamaker, and "The Appeal to Ancestry in Literature," by Prof. William Wistar Comfort, are other contributions.

Another issue of the erudite and useful, but not exactly inspiring, Wiener Beiträge (Vienna: Wilhelm Braumüller) gives us "James Shirley: Sein Leben und seine Werke," by J. Schipper. This volume, rather thicker than the average of the series, contains a frontispiece reproducing the Bodleian portrait of Shirley, and a German version, by the editor, of "The Royal Master."

Much bright entertainment is offered in Edmund Lester Pearson's "The Librarian at Play" (Small, Maynard), a collection of papers all but two of which have appeared in the Boston *Transcript*. Some of the work is sheer fooling, but not bad fun. The narrator, who appears throughout the series, has a position in the public library of a New England town, and fills his odd moments (which characteristically seem to outnumber his even moments) by ingenious reflection on literature. So he invents an "interest gauge" which, placed in the back of a volume, measures a reader's attention. It creates no surprise when a man who drops in to read his own book breaks the gauge, but that a scholar poring over a German monograph forces the indicator up only a little way is, of course, scandalous. Further heresy appears in the "Desert Island Test," when a marooned man having with him the hundred best books which he himself had selected, now rues his choice:

> Sept. 1, 1907. One of the goats ate the Æneid to-day.
> Sept. 2. The goat is ill, and I have had to give it one of my few pepsin tablets.

Some of the papers give an amusing picture of the relation of the library to the public. The following in the paper "By Telephone," is not wholly incredible:

> "Well, I want to see a picture of Mrs. Browning. We have a portrait here, and my aunt says it is George Eliot, and I know it is Mrs. Browning. Now, if you could just hold up the book—why, how perfectly ridiculous of me! I can't see it over the telephone, can I? Why, how absolutely absurd! I never thought at all! I was going to come to the library for it, only it is so horrid and rainy, and then I remembered that I saw in the paper about your answering questions by telephone, and I thought, why, how nice, I'll just call them up on the 'phone—and now it won't do me any good at all, will it?"
> "I'm afraid not."

Nearly fifty years are spanned in Joseph H. Choate's "American Addresses" (Century), the contents of the volume ranging from the occasion of the Metropolitan Sanitary Fair in 1864 to that of the semi-centennial of the founding of the First Training School for Nurses in 1910. Notable among the addresses thus brought together are that on "The Tweed Ring," delivered in Cooper Institute in 1871 after the downfall of that organization; that at the Harvard Alumni dinner of 1883, when Mr. Choate's tactful remarks smoothed the way for an unexpectedly gracious response from General Butler, to whom the Board of Overseers had refused the LL.D. which it was customary for Harvard to confer upon Massachusetts Governors; "Trial by Jury," given before the American Bar Association in 1898; and "James Coolidge Carter," before the Bar Association of the City of New York in 1906. A preface explains the circumstances of each address. They are marked by the urbanity and the humor that have contributed to their author's high reputation as a public speaker.

"The Writing of News" (Holt), by Charles G. Ross, is a little book, but contains a deal of advice which, if observed by the novice in newspaper work, would hasten his practical education on the reportorial staff. The author, assistant professor of journalism in the University of Missouri, must have been a busy collector of clippings, and his "don'ts" cover well-nigh all the prejudices that have come to be laws among editors and copy-readers. No blue-penciller can fail to recognize, in the list headed "Bromides," such old friends as "sickening thud," "breakneck speed," "hair-breadth escape," "busy marts of trade," "shrouded in mystery," "vouches for the authenticity of," and "serious, but not necessarily fatal"—phrases selected at random from an appalling list of the combinations that cause hardened desk men to grind their teeth. Professor Ross has turned out an effective summary of what a working newspaper man should do, or avoid doing; and he has written with such clearness that the lessons should impress even the youngest classroom student training for a profession which until recent years was the only profession regarded as requiring no special educational equipment.

Although Tom L. Johnson did not begin the dictation of his autobiography until five months before his death, all of "My Story" (Huebsch) except the final chapter, which covers barely a twelvemonth, is his own composition. Part of the book has appeared in *Hampton's*, and it has been completed and edited by Elizabeth J. Hauser. Perhaps because it was dictated, the narrative is very vivid, and in its eagerness to get forward, and its carelessness or unconsciousness of finish, it is representative of the man whose activities and convictions it depicts. Episodes and situations are not always told with sufficient fulness for perfect clearness, and a chapter here and there is marred by a superfluous setting-forth of the writer's hostility to "Privilege." Johnson was not a phrase-maker, and he does not appear at his best in the forum. But these are minor blemishes upon the man's own relation of a decidedly interesting career. If he had merely deserted business for politics, as his fellow-townsman and opponent, Hanna, did, he would have left a very different and far less notable story behind him. It is the change wrought in his whole way of thinking by the almost involuntary reading of one of Henry George's books, and the deliberate perusal of others, that gives his life its significance. That change and its consequences fill the mass of these pages. One sententious remark is worth quoting: "You can't legislate men or women into being good, but you can remove artificial stimulants to make them bad."

It is a sturdy and aggressive personality that Moorfield Storey and Edward W. Emerson set forth in "Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar: a Memoir" (Houghton Mifflin). To his own generation in Massachusetts Hoar was known as an able lawyer and judge, in whom learning, wit, and brusque manners mingled in what were often bewildering proportions; as an active political leader vigorously opposing the claims of slavery; and as a public-spirited citizen who helped to make his native town of Concord famous. In the larger field of national politics he will be remembered as, for a brief time, Attorney-General in Grant's Cabinet, from which office he was abruptly dismissed for the frankest of political reasons; and as a member of the joint high commission which framed the Treaty of Washington for the settlement of the Alabama claims. The old charge of having conspired with Grant to pack the Supreme Court, so as to procure a reversal of the first legal tender decision, has been sufficiently refuted by Judge Hoar's brother, the late Senator Hoar; and the present biographers have wisely refrained from again examining the question in detail. Perhaps the most valuable parts of the volume, on the whole, are those which trace the course of Massachusetts politics, particularly between 1840 and 1860, when Hoar's activity was most pronounced. It is interesting to note, however, that in contrast to his outspokenness and independence in those earlier years, he remained after the war a stanch Republican, and had little sympathy with independent movements for political reform. Personally, Judge Hoar appears in these pages as a typical Puritan, stern in family relations as in public life; yet with warm affections, devoted to his friends, and among his intimates an agreeable companion. There are some pleasant glimpses of the Concord and Boston literary set in which he moved from the beginning, of the Saturday Club, and of Harvard.

Major J. Orton Kerbey describes his experiences as "An American Consul in Amazonia" (New York: William Edwin Rudge) in a gossipy, after-dinner style. The book contains much useful information as to the topography and commercial possibilities of the Amazon region of Brazil, and very interesting accounts of the social and official life in Para and of the manners and customs of the people. The writer is amazingly frank, even to the extent of reflecting upon his own reputation, and of exposing official secrets relative to the astonishingly lax methods adopted by the Government in its appointment of incompetent and underpaid consuls. On being appointed consul to Para he was asked, "Where is Para?" to which he replied, "I'm blessed if I know." He describes an interview with Mr. (then Secretary) Blaine as follows: "When I intimated that I did not know anything of Para, he replied, 'That's the trouble with all of us. I am sending you out there to learn something about it; . . . and the facts are, we have more plugs than holes to put them in, but I told you I would find a hole for you,' and he kept his word. He put me in a very hot hole." He complains that "a consul is expected to dress becomingly, to make a respectable appearance as an American gentleman, yet it is impossible for him to do so on his salary. After the performance of my regular duties, I succeeded to eke out an existence by contributing to the press." On one occasion the position of vice-consul was vacant, and every American in the place, "from the missionary down or up, was an applicant. I did not make a nomination because I did not find an American I could conscientiously recommend." In referring to the

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wealth and commercial possibilities of Amazonia the consul writes:

The forests of rubber trees are said to be practically inexhaustible. There are thousands of miles of this territory which is reached by rivers that are navigable by large ocean vessels. Large ocean steamships ascend the Amazon over 3,000 miles, to the base of the Andes, in Peru, delivering their cargoes almost at the doors of the merchants, and carrying away the valuable products of the valley, viz., rubber and cocoa. . . . Everything necessary to sustain civilized life is imported generally from Europe, while America takes the bulk of the exports. . . . Not an American steamship ascends the Amazon above Para.

The book contains some valuable information for the American manufacturer and exporter. It appears that "a large number of both English and German commercial travellers are in every city along the coast. These remain year after year in the country, becoming familiar with the language of the people, as well as with the trade. There were never less than three to five at my hotel in Para, yet I never saw or heard of a single American business agent during my residence there."

Gilbert Chinard of Brown University has carried through an elaborate and careful investigation in his volume, "L'Exotisme américain dans la littérature française au XVIe siècle" (Hachette). It was suggested to the author by his earlier studies, in the wake of M. Bédier, of Chateaubriand in America, and is obviously influenced by M. Lefranc's "Navigations de Pantagruel." But M. Chinard has another purpose than merely to record the descriptions of cosmographers and travellers; it is to determine the attitude of the sixteenth-century writers towards the inhabitants of the New World. America has, indeed, had a varying reputation, exemplified by the different meanings which different ages have given to the words Huron, Mohock, or Apache. Most students are familiar with Montaigne's descriptions of the natives of America in the essay on "Cannibals," who seem to him as sensible, on the whole, as the inhabitants of Europe, even though "they wear no breeches." But M. Chinard has brought together less known passages from other prose-writers and poets, in which the times "when wild in woods the noble savage ran" unconsciously antedate Rousseau's theories of the natural goodness of man. Of course, in the second half of the sixteenth century, the vogue of the pagan moralists, such as Seneca and Plutarch, as opposed to the religious writers, both Catholics and Huguenots, might well favor the idea that justice could be found among those yet unenlightened by Christianity. M. Chinard has produced a scholarly, even if not exciting, volume. He seems, however, to have passed over Charles Fontaine's "Les Nouvelles et antiques merveilles," 1554. The preface of that work contains interesting and not too wild ideas about Indians. One of the divisions of the volume is "Sommaire du livre des nouvelles isles," which deals with journeys of Columbus to Western lands, and mentions customs and fantastic animals.

Weekly essays on religious subjects by Louis Howland, first published in the Indianapolis *News*, are collected under the title "Day Unto Day" (Bobbs-Merrill). The style is something like that of the late R. H. Hutton, although without Hutton's depth of insight. The author seems to hold himself aloof in some degree from the movements he describes and from the spiritual struggles into which it is his desire to interject a helpful word. He is not passionately anxious to convert anybody, either from evil ways or to his own way of thinking, but he is desirous that the topics of which he writes, which are the large religious subjects of most general interest, may be considered from all points of view, and that his readers may be brought to a moderate opinion. He discusses the various seasons of the Christian year, and such themes as Heresy, Hypocrisy, Moderation, and ex-President Eliot's Religion.

If old historical memoirs must be revamped, a good model of the harmless type is the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott's "Life of Madame de la Rochejaquelein" (Longmans). Devoid of originality, it follows, in liberal quotations, Mme. de la Rochejaquelein's own memoirs, as well as those of the Comtesse de la Bouëre, and the Marquise de Bonchamps. There is no attempt at character-drawing, but neither are there objectionable anecdotes. To those who are not familiar with the story of the Vendeans, and who have not access to the English translation of the memoirs of the Marquise de la Rochejaquelein, fathered by Walter Scott, the volume may be recommended. It contains some good reproductions of quaint portraits and a useful map.

Mrs. Newell Dwight Hillis has written a book concerning "The American Woman and Her Home" (Revell). Its homilies are addressed to the married woman of leisure, and voice, in a tone of exhortation, precisely those promptings of the social conscience to which this class is susceptible. In her commendation Mrs. Hillis never strays far from the domestic ideal or from the Church's methods of social service. She deplores the decline in popularity of "the most wholesome of all exercises—housework," regrets that "certain minor parts of the household art are unjustly falling into desuetude among the well-to-do," since "some use of the needle is sedative to nerves and stimulating to constructive thought," and would recommend the pre-nuptual administration of "a technical education in housekeeping" to obviate the divorce evil. But might not the more heterodox of the sex inquire whether the unanimous harking back to the household task and the foreordained "sphere" would be any more salutary—or, indeed, possible—for women than a universal reversion to the agricultural type would be for men? Sweeping is just as good an occupation for a woman as wood-chopping is for a man, but certainly no better.

"Völkerorganisation und der moderne Staat" (Egon Fleischel & Co., Berlin) is the title of the German edition of ex-Ambassador David J. Hill's work which was published by the Columbia University Press some months ago. The translator, Günther Thomas, has creditably acquitted himself of his task, and the book is welcomed by German readers as a scholarly treatise on questions which the politician, the statesman, the journalist, and even the businessman who is an active factor in the world of his profession or the life of his community, cannot afford to ignore.

Nicholas Paine Gilman, sociologist and economist, died recently at his home in Meadville, Pa., aged sixty-two. He graduated from the Harvard Divinity School in 1871, and was for some years pastor of Unitarian parishes in New England. Since 1895 he had been professor of sociology and ethics in the Meadville Theological School. The following books bear his name: "Profit Sharing Between Employer and Employee," "Laws of Daily Conduct," "Socialism and the American Spirit," "A Dividend to Labor," and "Methods of Industrial Peace."

Emil Jonas, whose death is reported at the age of eighty-seven, had made many translations into German from the Swedish and Danish. He was in the service of the Danish Government, having come from Germany, and was the editor of a German paper in Copenhagen. He wrote plays, books of travel, and fiction.

The death is reported from Salt Lake, Utah, of Hermann Bang, the Danish author and lecturer. He had been in this country two weeks, and had recently made a tour of Russia and Germany.

Science

"A Beginner's Star Book," by Kelvin McKready, is in Putnam's list.

As agents of the Cambridge University Press, Putnams promise "The Theory of Experimental Electricity," by Dampier Whetham.

The loose title of Charles M. Skinner's "Myths and Legends of Flowers, Trees, Fruits and Plants" (Lippincott) gives an idea of the free and easy way in which the author treats his subject. Strictly speaking, trees *are* plants, but that is of little matter when one is in search of the sensational in plant-traditions. Moreover, it is not worth while in preparing such a book to be scientifically precise, especially if one is to give no citations of authorities. It is better to let it be understood at the outset that the compilation is for purposes of diversion, rather than of instruction. And, furthermore, when an author deliberately sets out to amuse himself as well as his readers, ordinary limits may be boldly transgressed. In the present case, one can imagine the author as laughing in his sleeve at his employment of unnecessarily uncommon terms, such as luminative, usances, emblemize—three words in the first page of text. He probably had a good deal of amusement also in restating some of the myths and legends, recasting a few of them in language belonging to yellow journalism. The treatise is in no sense critical or authoritative; it is simply a medley of odds and ends, picked up at random, and seldom joined together. The book cannot be looked upon as a serious attempt to present in good faith the folklore of the vegetable kingdom. Of such attempts, more or less successful, there are a good many, but this is not one of them. Of the entertaining character of this little treatise, in its own way, there is no question.

"The Bacillus of Long Life, a manual of the preparation and souring of milk for dietary purposes, together with an historical account of the use of fermented milks from the earliest times to the present day and their wonderful effect in the prolonging of human existence" (Putnam), by Loudon M. Douglas, has been written in

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the interest of the sour-milk propaganda. Metchnikoff had observed that individuals and peoples whose diet consists largely of sour milk attain great age, and he began scientific experiments based on the assumption that the bacillus causing the souring and not the milk itself was responsible for this fact. He argued that the large intestine in mammals, although for the most part functionless, is well developed and contains a great number of bacteria. As a result of these bacteria, various poisons are evolved which are absorbed into the blood and circulate through the body, causing structural changes in important organs. He discovered that the lactic acid bacillus is a "friendly" bacillus, in that under proper conditions it will destroy many of the dangerous bacilli finding lodgment in the body. The lactic bacillus is discovered in many substances in nature, occurring in the sap of the vine and in most fermented liquids, but it is not present in fresh milk. When it acts upon the sugar of milk it changes it into lactic acid, thereby giving the milk a sour flavor. It is useful for several diseases of the gastro-intestinal tract which are due to auto-intoxication, the chief symptoms of which are furred tongue, foul breath, headache, mental depression, sallow skin, nervousness, and anæmia. Some physicians think that it is also helpful in gout and rheumatism, and as a food in malignant diseases of the gastro-intestinal tract. It has, too, been used before operations in order to cleanse this tract. The general principles of preparation of soured milk are, first, to pasteurize and kill all the organisms present, and then, after allowing the milk to cool, to sow in the pure lactic bacillus. The milk should be absolutely fresh and clean, as free as possible from bacteria and from all preservatives, the presence of which would kill the lactic bacillus. It goes without saying that this preparation should be carried out in a clean sterile room. It can hardly be said that up to the present time the sour-milk theory has proved as useful as was hoped. Many physicians who at first employed the bacillus widely have now virtually discarded it. One can scarcely agree with Mr. Douglas that cultures of the Bulgarian bacillus, which is said to be the most active lactic bacillus, should be used by people in health as a probable preventive of disease.

So fixed are the stars in relation to one another that if Confucius or Aratus or Saint Augustine were to view them to-night, there is no constellation but would be perfectly recognizable to them. Asterisms alone are unchanging, while all else on earth is subject to unceasing change. Little wonder, then, that the mystic and poetic mind has woven about individual stars and their groupings a lore of exceeding interest and charm. It is these stories and traditions that are traced back to original sources in "Star Lore of All Ages: A Collection of Myths, Legends, and Facts Concerning the Constellations of the Northern Hemisphere" (Putnam), by William Tyler Olcott. Few practical astronomers have the time and patience, let alone the learning, to compile such a book as this. Arago might have done it, or Schiaparelli; but astronomers to-day are too busy with their spectrum plates and parallaxes and variables to take time for collecting myths and legends. Allen's "Star Names and Their Meanings" has made the work easier, and the writer has drawn upon pretty much every English authority from Lockyer to Maunder. The origin and history of ancient star groups are sketched, and then something above fifty of the northern constellations are taken up in order, from Andromeda, the Chained Lady, to Vulpecula cum Ansere, the Fox with the Goose. Especially well done is the collection of famous masterpieces, reproduced from original sources, from the Avenue of Ram-headed Sphinxes, at Karnak, and the Temple of Castor and Pollux, at Girgenti, to the Dance of the Pleiades, by Elihu Vedder. The strictly astronomical illustrations, on the other hand, are not very well done, the cuts of nebulæ and constellation diagrams being far below the technical standard of the best American works. A supplementary volume dealing with the southern constellations will be well worth the while, in compiling which, as well as in revising the present work, the Arabic, old German, and Italian literatures should not be neglected.

Charles Finney Cox, general manager of all the New York Central lines west of Buffalo, and a scientist of note, died last week after a short illness, aged sixty-six. He was a fellow of the New York Academy of Sciences, its president in 1908-1909. He was also president of the New York Microscopical Society in 1888, a prominent member of the Linnæan and New York Zoölogical Societies, and one of the founders and chief promotors of the Botanical Gardens, of which he was treasurer at the time of his death. Due to his important contributions to microscopical botany and zoölogy, he was elected fellow of the Royal Microscopical Society of London. He was an active philanthropist and interested himself in several branches of charitable service. "Protoplasm and Life" was his chief publication.

Drama and Music

On the Art of the Theatre. By Edward Gordon Craig. Chicago: Browne's Bookstore. $2 net.

In this highly suggestive, able, but occasionally exasperating volume, Mr. Craig sums up, in old and new matter, his various indictments of the modern theatre, prescribes remedies for some of the obvious ills which afflict it, and expatiates upon the tantalizing theories by means of which he hopes that, in the course of a few generations, it will be transformed into an ideal temple of Olympian drama. He differs from many idealists in having a solid foundation for the lower stones, at least, of his castles in the air. He knows the modern theatre thoroughly in all its manifestations, is conversant with the achievements of all the subsidized and independent dramatic experiments in London, St. Petersburg, Paris, Berlin, Munich, and elsewhere, and is as ardent a student of the past as he is a sanguine prophet of the future. It is only when he attempts to base solid results upon fanciful conceptions, that he becomes incoherent and incomprehensible—perhaps, even to himself.

In his premises he is perfectly sound. No man could lay his finger more unerringly upon the chief causes of the decadence of the contemporary theatre. With the authority born of personal experience he points out how the spirit of commercialism has destroyed all honorable artistic ambition, and blocked original enterprise; what an insuperable bar to progress the actor-manager has become; how the initiative of actors has been killed; how the inevitable lack of trained intelligence is completing the ruin that speculative greed began. Nothing could be more true or more lamentable, and he is perfectly right in his contention that the state of the theatre cannot be improved materially until more actors shall be inspired by love of art rather than of notoriety; until the race of trained and competent producers, now nearly extinct, has been replenished, and endowed with the authority absolutely essential to the preservation of that discipline without which good work is impossible. And there can be little doubt that properly equipped stage-managers—perhaps the most essential preliminary to any hopeful scheme of theatrical reform—could be provided by such a dramatic college as he hopes to establish. Twenty such institutions could be obtained for the cost of one subsidized national theatre and would be twenty times more beneficial.

Up to this point he is sane and practical. But his further theories, if adopted and pressed to their logical conclusion, would result, not in the elevation, but in the destruction of the theatre as it is now understood—the theatre that reflects humanity in its different aspects—and would substitute for it something more symbolistic and possibly more artistic, but infinitely narrower in scope. With his scornful denunciations of the merely "realistic" most thoughtful persons will agree cordially, and it is clear that in many kinds of plays, though not in all or even most, symbolic scenery harmonizing with and emphasizing the mood and drift of the stage action might be employed to great advantage. But Mr. Craig, in the highest flights of his fancy, seems to desire, and expect, the total elimination of the speaking actor, leaving the interpretation of the drama to mute figures—preferably mechanical—music, allegorical dancers, and special painted and atmospheric effects. In such a consummation, he argues, all the component parts of drama, as he enumerates them—action, sound, line, color, and rhythm—would be embodied. Actually of course, it would be a sort of pantomimic vision, with musical accompaniment, not true drama at all.

It is a pity that the ability, the imag-

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ination, the zeal of Mr. Craig should be enlisted in the service of so dangerous a fallacy. He maintains, in support of his theory, that instruction—he knows, of course, that it is the function of the theatre to instruct and inspire as well as to amuse—is absorbed more readily through the eye than the ear, and that, therefore, the spoken word on the stage is of comparatively minor importance. This must mean that from his ideal theatre the whole literary element—the exchange of thought, declarations of purpose, sentiment and character, wit, satire, equivoque, poetic thought, apt repartee, pointed comment—might be excluded altogether. It is not necessary to discuss a proposition so preposterous. It is true, as he says, that in the perfect work of art, whether in the theatre or out of it, there can be no mistake or uncertainty. Therefore, he argues, the speaking actor is a danger, because he is the victim of emotions conjured up by the workings of his intellect and is likely to act according to those emotions and not those of the fictitious character. Undeniably this is the case with the vast majority of ordinary, imperfectly trained players, who always talk about "feeling" a part, without in the least suspecting that they are only "feeling" and exhibiting themselves. No actor, of course, can free himself absolutely from the influence of his own personality, but no actor achieves greatness until he has learned how to keep his personal feelings and impulses in subjection while counterfeiting those of the assumed part. No healthy body, says Mr. Craig, can be the slave of the mind, whereas this is just what happens in the case of every sane, self-respecting man, and is the condition to which every earnest and ambitious actor ought to aspire. To produce players with this capacity ought to be one of the chief aims of the ideal dramatic college. Mr. Craig is in danger of falling into the heresy that spectacle is the highest mission of the stage, instead of one great cause of its decadence.

Muriel Harvey, daughter of Martin Harvey, is soon to make her first appearance upon the stage, in a speaking part, as the central feminine figure in the new comedy by R. C. Carton, which is to be produced in the London Comedy Theatre. She is said to have remarkable ability.

On the departure of Oscar Asche and Lily Brayton from the London Garrick, Arthur Bourchier will resume operations there with a new modern comedy in four acts named "The Firescreen," by Alfred Sutro. That, in course of time, will be followed by a new comedy from the pen of Monckton Hoffe, the author of "The Little Damozel."

Rudolf Besier is to make the English adaptation of "Büxl," a piece that has caused a great stir in Berlin, for Frederick Harrison of the London Haymarket. It is the work of Arno Holz and Oscar Jaschke. The story opens in the condemned cell of a prison, and finishes in a brilliant Parisian salon, the principal character having been condemned to death on a charge of murder which he has undeniably committed. And yet the play is an amusing comedy! The hero is one of those daring, irresponsible creatures who ignore the ordinary laws that govern society. At the last moment he contrives to escape from his prison, jumps into a motor car awaiting the Crown Prince, and is whirled away to a citadel in the mountains, the chauffeur believing that his royal master sits behind him. Up there all sorts of strange adventures happen to him, not the least of them being his unexpected encounter with the Prince himself. Eventually he makes his way to Paris, there to play the part of social lion.

Alexandre-Charles-Auguste Bisson, the French playwright, died on Saturday of last week, at the age of sixty-three. He was a chevalier of the Legion of Honor and an officer of public instruction. Among his twenty-one plays may be mentioned "Quatre coups de canif," "Un Lycée de jeunes filles," "Le Roi Koko," "Les Surprises du divorce," "Les Trois Anabaptistes," "Le Péril Jaune," "Mariage d'Etoile," and "La Femme X," which last was played by Madame Bernhardt in this country last year. In collaboration with Théodore de Lajarte he wrote some works on music.

"The Aristoxenian Theory of Musical Rhythm," by C. F. Abdy Williams, is one of the Cambridge University Press publications announced by Putnams.

Sir Edward Elgar is about to compose for the Coliseum an Imperial masque, entitled "The Crown of India." The book and lyrics of the masque will be written by Henry Hamilton. The production is promised for the early spring.

Dr. Horatio Parker gave a talk, at the MacDowell Club, last week, on his opera "Mona," soon to be produced at the Metropolitan Opera House. He explained that the action of "Mona" was supposed to take place in the southeastern part of Britain, about one hundred years after the beginning of the Christian era. He described the various persons of the drama and said he had characterized them by particular tonalities. Thus the music for Gwynn is based upon the tonality of B major; for Mona, in her womanly aspect, on E flat major, and in her character of predestined leader of the people on E minor; for the theme of love, on G flat major, which the composer characterized as the "legitimate offspring of the keys of B major and E flat minor," etc. This scheme was not the result of cogitation, but was remarked by the composer after his sketches had been made.

Dr. Parker considered that Wagner had perfected the *leitmotiv* idea, that no one had since advanced it, and said that he had incorporated some fifty or sixty such motives in "Mona." The composer then paid his respects to the modern French musical system, and said that the six-tone scale and augmented triad were perfectly non-committal, tonally, and that they did not stand on one foot, but with both feet in the air.

The story of the opera, text by Brian Hooker, concerns itself with Mona, princess of Britain, predestined by Druidic prophecy to be the leader of a rebellion against Rome. She is loved by Gwynn, a bard and peacemaker, and son of the Roman Governor by a British captive. The action hinges on Mona's repudiation of Gwynn's love in favor of her mission as leader, and ends by her slaying Gwynn through misunderstanding of his true character.

Art

Byzantine Art and Archæology. By J. M. Dalton. Large 8vo, with 457 illustrations. New York: Henry Frowde.

This scholarly work by a young officer of the British Museum is, with the exception of architecture, virtually a complete directory of all matters Byzantine. It is the sort of thing that a leader of a graduate course would wish to place in the hands of his students. Yet Mr. Dalton is keenly alive to the æsthetic implications of his subject. His two chapters on the origins, general characteristics, and geographical distribution of the Byzantine style are far the best studies existent in English, and appeal quite as strongly to the intelligent layman as to the special student. As an introduction to the subject this book is less available than Charles Diehl's excellent "Manuel de l'art byzantin," but it is intended rather as a thesaurus for reference than as a beginner's guide.

Mr. Dalton is an enthusiastic convert to what we may call the East-Christian theory, and here it may be permissible to sketch the recent discussions concerning so-called Byzantine art. Vasari distinguished between an "ancient Grecian manner" (*maniera greca antica*), by which he meant vaguely all classic art, and an "old Grecian manner" (*maniera greca vecchia*), by which he meant Byzantine art. For the "old Grecian manner" he entertained a profound contempt, which until lately all critics of art have inherited. Thus has arisen the orthodox conception of Byzantine art as a sort of deplorable by-product of Constantine's transit to the Bosphorus, as, accordingly, an Eastern debasement of the art of Rome. Infect at its origins, the hieratic art of Byzantium is supposed to have been lethal in its progress westward. Its formalism is represented as everywhere the foe of local life and promise. The formation of national styles in Italy and elsewhere, during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, is usually dramatized as a conscious struggle of vigorous new life against the stifling influence of invading Orientalism. "Throwing off the Byzantine yoke" has become a stock phrase of criticism.

In this rather absurd distortion of the facts was just a glimmer of theoretical and æsthetic truth. Where the theory failed utterly was in falsifying the feeling of the mediæval artist. Throughout Western Europe the "old Greek man-

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ner" was eagerly welcomed. The researches of Wickhoff, Thode, and Frey have shown that never was the Byzantine style more piously studied than at the moment when the Franciscan movement called upon the pioneers of Italian painting to express new emotions. The Byzantine art of the thirteenth century was to Cimabue and Cavallini what a full century later the art of Rome was to Donatello and Ghiberti. Far from being the enemy of local endeavor, the art of Byzantium single-handed kept alive in Western Europe the practice of figure design and, withal, some faint remnant of the glory that was Greece. The art of Rome virtually died in the terrible centuries of the invasions. Fortunately, it left the means of resurrection in surviving monuments and in the hearts of the Italian people. But for upwards of five hundred years, only the art of the Christian East stood between Western Europe and such elaborately infertile barbarism as we see represented in the illuminations of the Celtic manuscripts. Since the merit of Constantinople as the conserver of classic learning and literature has always been conceded by historians, it is truly strange that her art should have been regarded as hostile to civilization. As a matter of fact, nothing is more certain than that all sound craftsmen of the early Middle Ages were as Byzantine as they knew how to be, while the various phases of incompetency exploited by romantic historians as national beginnings are usually so many failures to master the Byzantine models.

That Byzantine art was merely the decadence of the Greco-Roman manner was doubted years ago by Courajod, who pointed out Asiatic analogies for many Byzantine developments. This hint has been brilliantly amplified by Strzygowski. He finds that Byzantine art, rising in regions unpenetrated by the Imperial style of Rome, is a direct descendant of Hellenistic art. But of a Hellenism profoundly modified by Oriental contacts. In the great Greek cities of Asia Minor and Syria we must seek the formative points, and these imply remoter regions, probably Mesopotamian, where the interpenetration of the two artistic tendencies began and was carried far. Christian Egypt shared in the process, but there specific local tendencies dominated. Now it cannot be said that Strzygowski has fully demonstrated all this. He prefers, indeed, fine examples of the guidepost sort, to exhaustive statistical and geographical collations. But it seems reasonably clear that we must seek the decorative and pictorial origins of the Byzantine style in Syria or beyond; the chief architectural beginnings, in Asia Minor, where the central dome was developed.

Constantinople became the main distributing centre of the style only after the Muslim hordes had pillaged the Greek cities of Asia. But Byzantium improved and standardized her Asiatic heritage, especially in architecture and mural design, so that the traditional designation of Byzantine for this entire art is fairly well justified.

How was this style transmitted to Western Europe? Partly through Byzantine artists, who, century by century, were called to foreign courts; more constantly and effectively through the steady stream of precious small objects which flowed westward from Constantinople and Palestine. Miniatured manuscripts were undoubtedly the chief means of diffusion. Hardly in second order come carved ivories. Influential in a lesser degree were pictured textiles, and metal-work, beaten, graven, or enamelled. It was the fine craftsmanship and essential moderation and fitness of this art that made it truly exemplary to all the new nations of Europe.

It would be foolish, however, to deny that this art was over-Orientalized. It showed a most un-Hellenic horror of the void, and was too profuse of its delicate ornament. Its stateliness often depended upon a rather tame and obvious decorum of arrangement. It can be praised unreservedly only in the design and structure of the finest domed churches, and in the magnificent color and decorative appropriateness of the earlier mosaics. By and large, this formalistic art could be acceptable only to persons whose emotional experience was narrow and unindividualized, and whose acceptance of external authority was unquestioning. The moment a Saint Bernard or a Saint Francis preaches romantic and individual ideas of religion, the death warrant of lingering Byzantinism is read. But it vanishes from Western Europe not as an invader that has been repelled, but as a well-loved preceptor esteemed even in superannuation.

It would be interesting to show how the traditional notion of an inertly uniform Byzantine art has yielded to recent investigation. Chiefly through the initiative of French and Russian and German scholars, England and America playing a respectable minor rôle, the chief monuments of Turkey in Europe, Greece, Russia, Asia Minor, Syria, and Palestine are now accessible in excellent reproductions, and we are able to note a considerable variety and even progress within what to Vasari was the uniformity of the "old Greek manner." In the mosque of Kahrié Djami, at Constantinople, and in the ruined churches of Mistra, we see that in the fourteenth and following centuries Byzantine painting was actively renovating its stereotyped compositions. At Mount Athos itself, in the sixteenth century, we find odd and pathetic reflections of the Italian art of the Golden Age. But we should be careful not to overestimate what are, after all, minor differences within a style fundamentally uniform. Throughout, Byzantine art represented a collective veneration based on external authority. And the artist was by precept and precedent denied any direct and fruitful access to nature. This art could and did change its patterns, but the fundamental forms were not susceptible of change or improvement. Fortunately, these were well adapted to the purposes of hieratic decoration and religious narration, and when expressed in mosaic the effect is beyond comparison impressive. For its best mosaics, and the invention of the balanced dome, Byzantine art will always be included in the great styles. Its collective and essentially cosmopolitan quality will indeed give it a distinction in the category.

A few corrections to Mr. Dalton's excellent work will testify to the interest with which we have read it. To say that Cavallini is exempt from Byzantine influence is greatly to exaggerate his independence. Master Conxolus of Subiaco and Andrea Tafi are badly antedated. The extension of Byzantine art into Catalonia and Spain is ignored, partly, perhaps, because the mediation of France, which is not in every case certain, is assumed. Trifling errors are the mislabelling of a cut (St. Peter for St. Urban) on page 274, and the reference to the charming little diptych in the Sterbini collection as a triptych. Professor Frothingham's article on the date of the porphyry sarcophagus of the Empress Helena is overlooked, or appeared too late to be used. These are blemishes of the most negligible sort, and the book is as meritorious for its accuracy as it is for breadth of outlook.

Included in Houghton Mifflin Co.'s list of spring books is "The Engravings of William Blake," by Archibald G. B. Russell.

C. E. Schutze, the cartoonist, issues this season, through Philip Mindil, two books of his drawings—"Red Book" and "Bunny, the Sculptor."

John La Farge's posthumous work, "One Hundred Masterpieces," which includes a series of papers on Michelangelo, Raphael, Rembrandt, Rubens, Velasquez, and others, will be issued by Doubleday, Page & Co. in February.

Rodin's bronze bust, France, which will be erected on the shore of Lake Champlain, in memory of the great Frenchman from whom the lake took its name, has just been completed; it will be presented to this country by a special committee named by the French Government.

The death in his eighty-ninth year is announced from France of Frédéric-Alphonse Muraton, who for half a century had been a regular exhibitor at the Salon. Un Religieux en Méditation and several portraits constitute his best works.

Antoine-Clair Forestier, the sculptor, is dead at the age of forty-six. Many will recall his La Feuille et l'Ouragan, which is now at St. Germain.

The death is reported of A. de Beruete y Moret, the Spanish artist. He also wrote

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on art, being the author of "The School of Madrid."

Finance

TWO INCIDENTS.

In the spell of financial inertia with which the new year has opened, the stability of the markets has been tested, this past week, by two events. One was reduction of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad's dividend; the other, the invasion of New York with an ultra-radical declaration of political principles by one of the active Presidential candidates. Both incidents fell flat as controlling influences on the Stock Exchange. St. Paul stock declined 2 or 3 points under purely speculative pressure; the rest of the market merely repeated its irregular fluctuations of the preceding fortnight. La Follette's speech was not reflected on the Stock Exchange at all.

The St. Paul's case was peculiar, and its cut in annual dividends from 7 to 5 per cent. not necessarily typical of other railways. When the directors met last Thursday afternoon, this was the situation which confronted them: Back in 1906, first $25,000,000 stock and then $100,000,000 more had been issued to build the Pacific Coast extension. That stock had been sold to shareholders at par, with the hope that increased earning power, from the new mileage, would from the start more than offset the $8,750,000 added to dividend requirements. But work on the Pacific Coast extension had hardly been started when the panic of 1907 occurred. St. Paul had the necessary money in hand to build the road, but the flourishing business conditions which were to make the new lines earn dividends on the $125,000,000 additional stock at the old-time rate no longer existed.

Last year's annual report of the St. Paul was the first to include full operations of the Pacific Coast extension. When the accounts as of June 30, 1911, were balanced, it was found that the dividend of the parent company had not been earned. In acting on that dividend, however, the directors felt warranted in drawing upon the accumulated surplus to make up the unearned dividend.

When, however, the directors met last Thursday to act again on the semi-annual dividend, the hoped-for increase in earnings had not materialized. Net earnings for the five months ended November 30 showed a decrease of $1,371,000, compared with the year before. Therefore it was the duty of the directors to decide whether to draw again on the surplus or reduce the dividend until the expected increase in earnings should actually arrive. They wisely cut the dividend.

"Presidential campaigns" are usually in abeyance during the first three or four months of an electoral year. There have, however, been exceptions, one of which was the famous Cooper Institute speech of Abraham Lincoln, on February 27, 1860, followed by other speeches in the East. This was the real beginning of Lincoln's national campaign; but the circumstances were peculiar, and have never since been repeated. Senator La Follette's appearance in New York on the platform of Carnegie Hall, last week, was therefore an innovation for a Presidential candidate. That it attracted slight attention generally, and that the market paid no attention whatever to it, was a recognition, so to speak, that the procedure was out of order and that the Presidential campaign had not yet begun.

This indifference of the usually sensitive financial market was in spite of the fact that La Follette's speech was of what used to be called the "fire-eating sort"; in some ways calling to mind the remarkable series of denunciations of anything and everything, in the existing order, indulged in by Mr. Bryan when he canvassed New York city in the autumn of 1900. Mr. La Follette went far beyond general attacks upon corporations; he proclaimed woman suffrage, hinted at complete corruption in national politics, and declared for the recall, on the basis of popular petitions, even of the Supreme Court of the United States.

This last proposal was made in spite of the fact that the Supreme Bench is not elective, and that impeachment powers exist; his reason for that remarkable suggestion (the "writing into the Anti-Trust law" of words not intended by its authors) being asserted in spite of the recent public testimony of the author of the law that the "rule of reason" was precisely what the Congress of 1890 had expected the judiciary to apply. But we shall doubtless hear a deal more of this sort of thing in the curious Presidential campaign before us, with its indefinite possibilities for agitation. The time may come when the nerves of the Stock Exchange will be considerably affected, and it is therefore a matter of some interest to inquire, when such a Presidential conflict usually begins to figure in the market's calculations.

That is a question of record. One's mind runs naturally back to 1896—concerning which most people probably suppose, in retrospect, that political excitement on the Stock Exchange began with New Year's Day and lasted up to the vote of November 3. But that was not so at all. January, 1896, was a month of commotion over the Venezuela dispute and our Government's popular loan; the market rose. February was marked by a vote against free silver coinage in the House of Representatives and by talk of recognizing the Cuban insurgents; prices alternately rose and fell.

March was made up of Cuban controversy; April, by resolutions of Eastern State conventions against free silver coinage. It was May before the Presidential campaign began to cast its shadows ahead of it. That was the month when the free-coinage faction captured a series of State conventions South and West; by June, national politics was the single consideration, though it was still believed that some old-fashioned statesman, such as Richard P. Bland, would be nominated by the Democratic party. On July 10, the campaign was fairly launched, when Bryan made his "cross-of-gold" speech to that convention and was tumultuously named for President on a platform of ultra-radicalism, and when a genuine crash occurred on the Stock Exchange.

The slowness of the Stock Exchange in responding to the political outlook was repeated in 1900. Politics hardly caused discussion on the market until the end of June. In January, Wall Street talked only about the British reverses in the Transvaal; in February about the enactment of the Gold Standard law, which caused a decided rise in the stock market during the following month. In April, the somewhat spectacular cut in the price of its products by Gates's Steel and Wire Company was followed by a "Gates bear movement" which no one ascribed to anything but the steel market. Only at the end of June, when the national conventions began, did Wall Street seriously talk politics.

But if the markets of 1896 and 1900 were thus deliberate in beginning to respond to politics, what did they do when the campaign was at its height? The "political break" of 1896 was severe in July, the month of Bryan's nomination; thereafter conditions steadily improved—perhaps because of belief in McKinley's victory, perhaps because of a fortunate turn in the crop situation and the price of wheat. In 1900, prices began to rise almost as soon as Bryan had been nominated, and by October, politics had almost been forgotten in the signs of returning industrial prosperity.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

American Year Book. 1911. D. Appleton.

Becker, F. A., and Becker-Templeburg. Studies of Children for Artists. New, second edition. Bruno Hessling Co. $10.

Bibliothek der Amerikanischen Kulturgeschichte. Band 1, erster und zweiter teil, George Washington von Henry Cabot Lodge; Band 2, Die Amerikanische Literatur, von Dr. C. A. Smith. Berlin: Weidmannsche Buchhandlung.

Bomberger, A. W. A Book on Birds. Philadelphia: Winston Co. $1 net.

Clouston, J. S. The Mystery of No. 47. Moffat, Yard. $1.10 net.

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Cuthell, Mrs. E. E. An Imperial Victim. Marie Louise, Archduchess of Austria. 2 vols. Brentano. $6 net.
Dureng, Jean. Le Duc de Bourbon et L'Angleterre. Paris: Hachette.
Ferrero, G. Characters and Events of Roman History; From Cæsar to Nero. (Students' Edition.) Putnam.
Ferrigni, Mario. Madonne Florentine. Stechert (importer.) $3.80.
Foley, E. The Book of Decorative Furniture. Vol II. Putnam.
Fox, Marion. The Lost Vocation. London: Nutt.
Frank, Henry. The Story of America Sketched in Sonnets. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.35 net.
Fulton, M. G. Expository Writing. Macmillan. $1.40 net.
Gardner, P. The Religious Experience of Saint Paul. Putnam.
Gibson, W. W. Daily Bread. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Harden, Maximilian. Word Portraits: Character Sketches of Famous Men and Women. Translated from the German. Brentano. $3.50 net.
Hauff's Das Kalte Herz. Edited by F. J. Holzworth and W. J. Gorse. American Book Co. 35 cents.
Holbrook, Florence. Cave, Mound, and Lake Dwellers. Heath.
Holmes, Gordon. The House of Silence. E. J. Clode.
Home University Library. Vols. xix to xxix, inclusive. Holt. 50 cents net, each.
Hovey, Carl. The Life Story of J. Pierpont Morgan. Sturgis & Walton Co. $2.50 net.
Humphreys, Dean. Martha Mynheer. Albany, N. Y.: C. F. Williams & Son.
Huntington, Harwood. Cui Bono? or What Shall It Profit? Longmans. $1 net.
Illinois Coal Report. 1911. Springfield, Ill.: State Mining Board.
James, Winifred. More Letters to My Son. Moffat, Yard. $1 net.
Jordan, H. The Joyous Wayfarer. Putnam. $1.30 net.
Kirkham, S. D. Outdoor Philosophy. Putnam.
Kost, H. G. Sunlight and Starlight. Boston: Badger.
Learned, H. B. The President's Cabinet. New Haven: Yale University Press. $2.50 net.
Leroux, Gaston. The Man with the Black Feather. Translated by E. Jepson. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.25 net.
McCullough, Ernest. Engineering as a Vocation. David Williams Co.
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